



KLOPSTOCK
AND
HIS FRIENDS

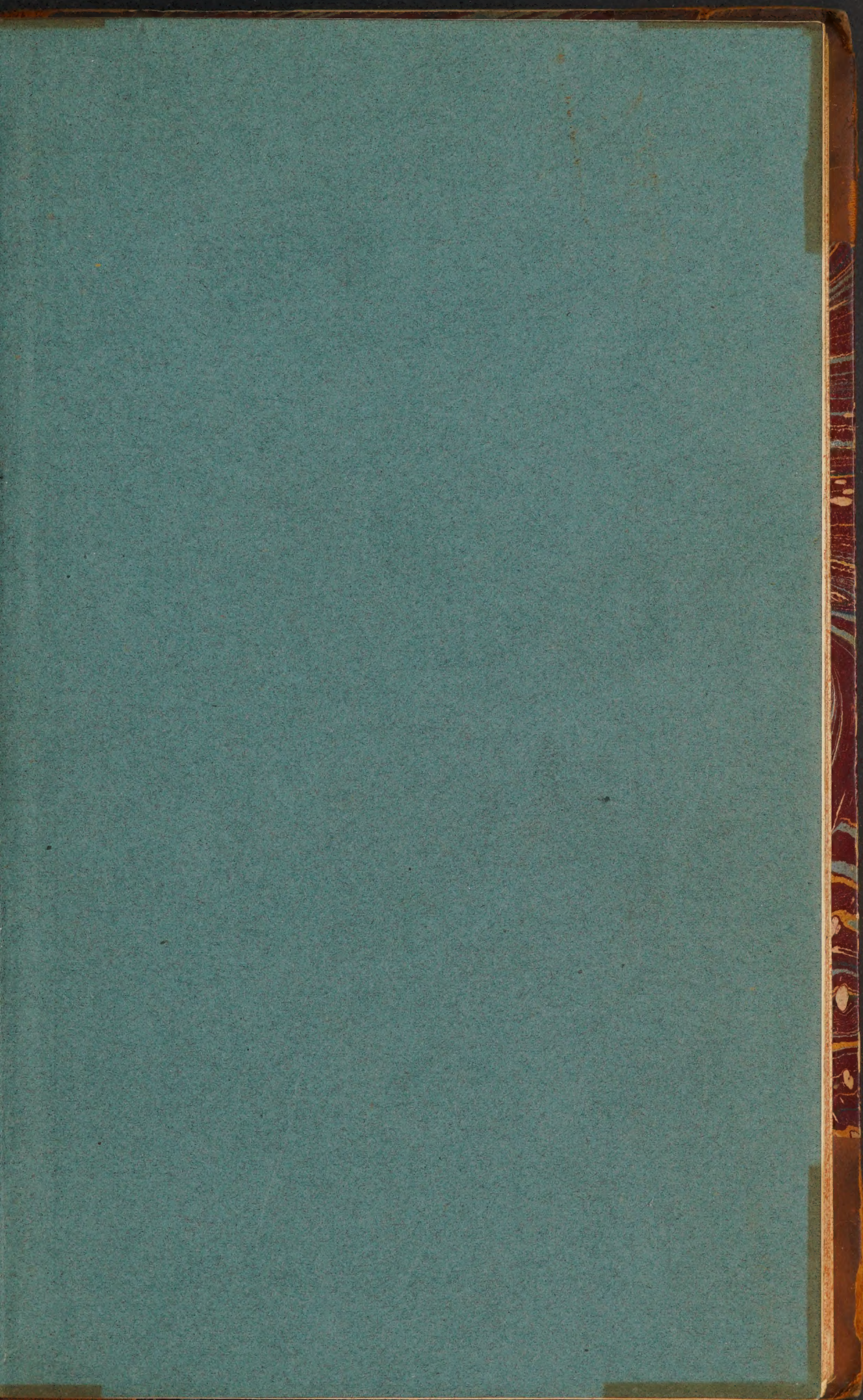
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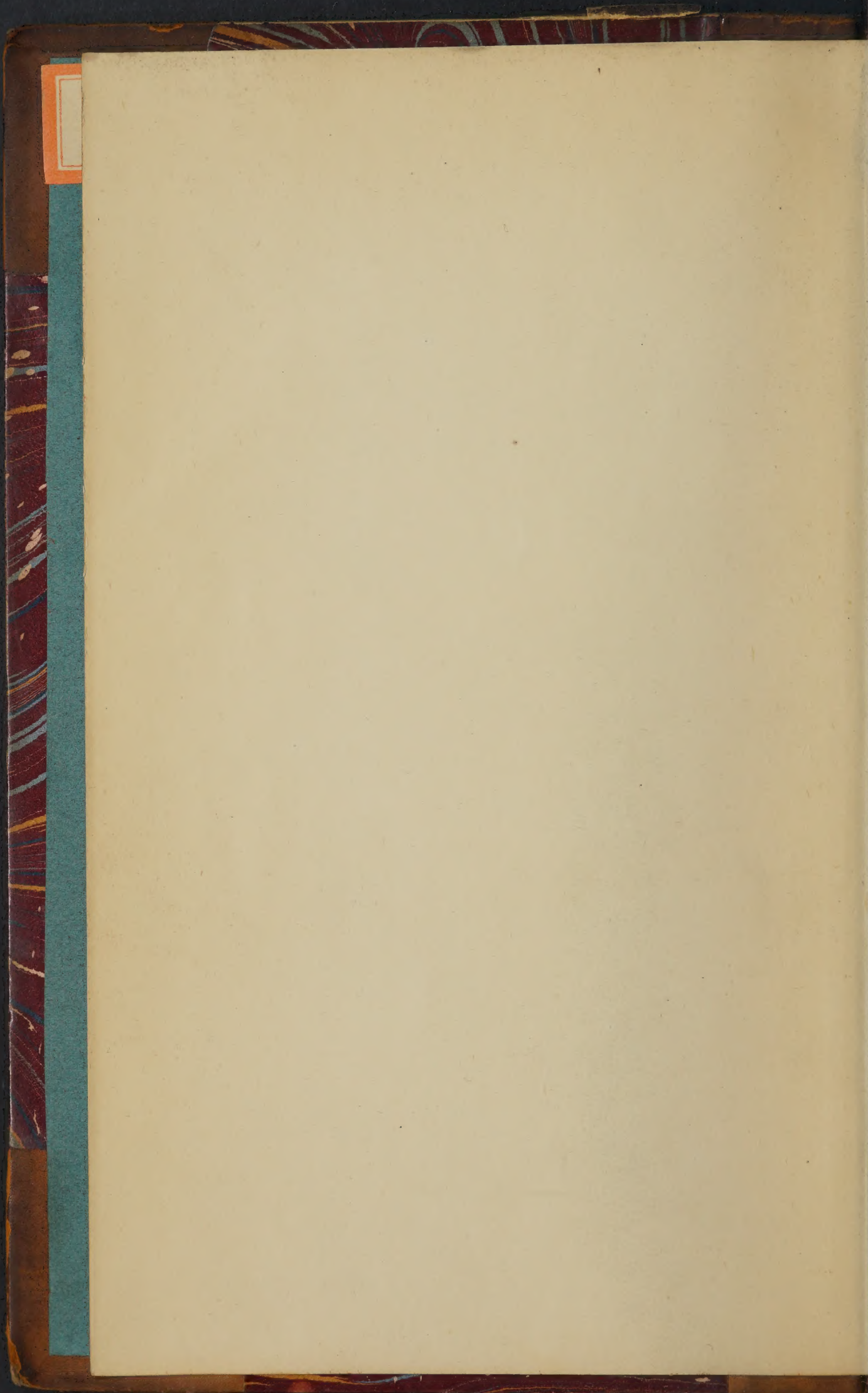


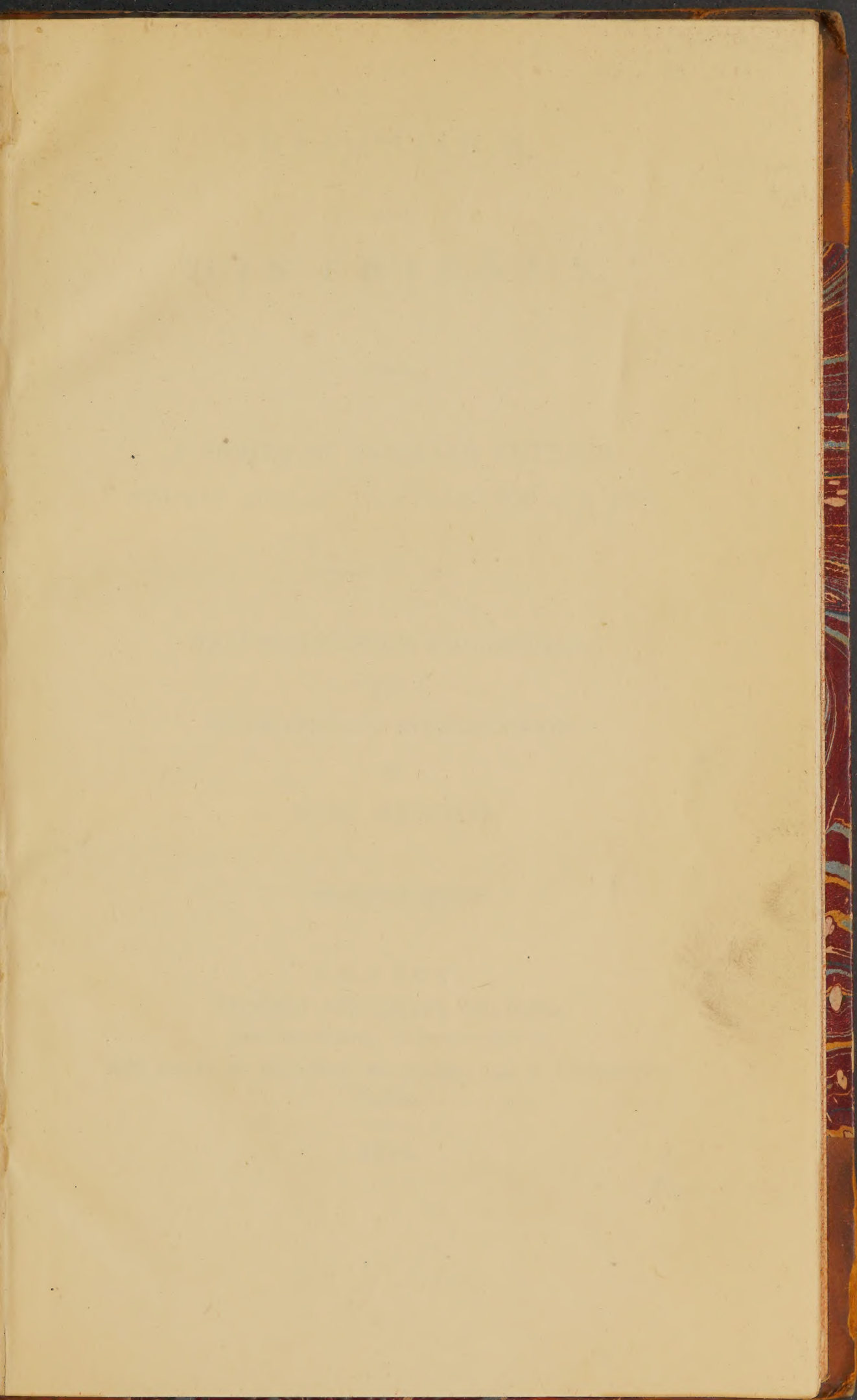


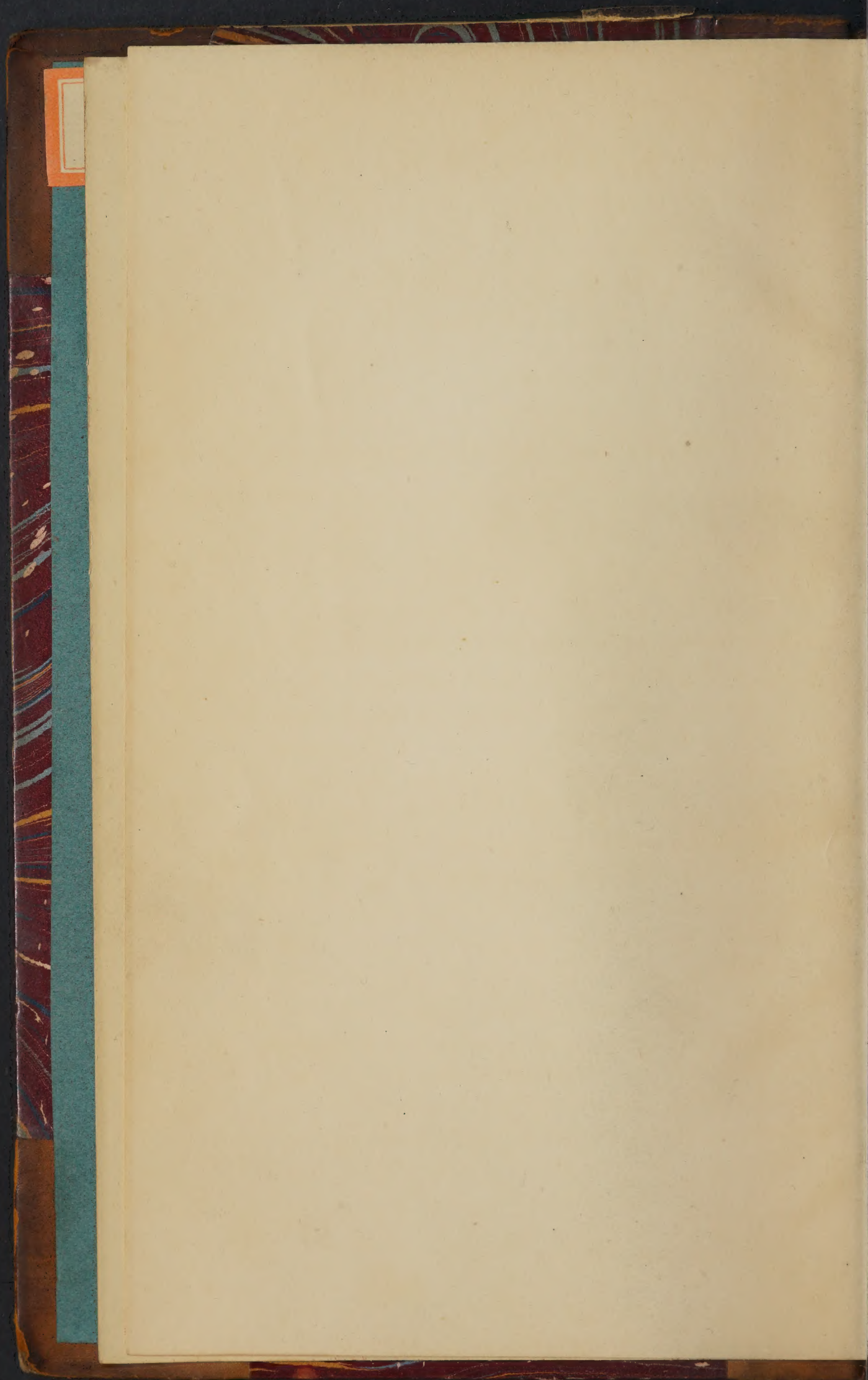


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KLOPSTOCK
AND
HIS FRIENDS.

A SERIES OF FAMILIAR LETTERS,
WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEARS 1750 AND 1803.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,
WITH A
BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION,
BY
MISS BENDER.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE original volumes from which these letters are translated, appeared about four years ago in Germany, under the attractive and appropriate title of "*Klopstock and his Friends*;" and seldom has any correspondence been ushered into the world with such fair pretensions to respect, or so safe a passport to popularity. It contains an outline of the poet's life, from 1750 to 1802, and was edited by Klammer Schmidt, a writer of some reputation, who had long been intimately acquainted with Klopstock, and by whose care the original letters were collated from the papers in the possession of his widow (Johanna von Wendthem), and the posthumous MSS. of his oldest correspondents. Of his ability for the task, the work affords ample testimony, and the feeling manner in which he presents it to his country, as an offering of
B friendship

friendship and patriotism, might alone have excited interest and secured approbation ; certain it is, this appeal to the sensibility and enthusiasm of his compatriots, was not made in vain ; and the success of "*Klopstock and his Friends*" on the Continent, has been such, as to satisfy the editor's most sanguine expectations. In England, these letters must obviously be introduced under a different aspect : our national sympathies are not interested in their favour, nor is either our pride or our gratitude to be engaged for their protection.

More than half a century has elapsed, since the genius of Klopstock was recognized in this country, by the few German scholars, sufficiently familiar with the higher flights of poetry, to relish the peculiar cast of his style and composition ; from that period, his claims to celebrity were indisputably established ; but *The Messiah* could not be appreciated by a prose version, and of his other poems, what translation could be attempted ? His real admirers were, therefore, confined to select literary circles, whose decisions are uncontroverted, because unexamined, and whose praise confers a sort of honorary title to distinction, without the privilege or power, annexed to the possession of popular fame.

It was not till within a few years that this distant respect was converted into a warmer sentiment,

Mrs.

Mrs. Barbauld first contributed to the change, by selecting from Richardson's correspondence those charming letters of Margaret Klopstock, which are now familiar to the public. Under those auspices of genius, of taste, of virtue, Klopstock became an object of general attention, and the poet was cherished for the sake of the man.

The interesting memoirs of Miss Smith,* have since secured him the affections of all her readers; and at present, so popular is the name prefixed to this collection, that though it may be no protection from censure, it is at least a security from neglect.

Of the partiality that prevails in this country, for epistolary compositions, we have the most decided evidence, in the numerous volumes of correspondence, successively presented to the public. The neglected bard, who had wasted life in obscurity, is often raised by the violators of his confidence, to a degree of posthumous reputation: even eminent poets have sometimes derived from their casual correspondence, more distinction than they could obtain, by their most meritorious productions. The letters of Cowper, are well known to have been more lucrative than all his poems and

B 2 translations;

* It is impossible to advert to this publication without observing, that Miss Smith, with all her personal graces and extraordinary attainments—her simplicity, modesty, and magnanimity, was precisely such a being as Klopstock would have been proud to celebrate.

translations; and those of Burns, possess attractions, even for such minds as are wholly insensible to his most exquisite strains of pathos and description. So general is this epistolary taste, that without the authority of popular names, and with no excitement of curiosity, we have lately witnessed the brilliant success that has attended the publication of a series of private letters, of which it was the simple but universal charm, that they spoke the language of truth and nature.*

It cannot, however, be doubted, that the pleasure we receive from private letters, is greatly enhanced, when they elucidate public events, in which we had a previous interest; or develop the character of a celebrated man, by filling up those chasms in his story, which no other channel of communication can supply. That the perusal of literary memoirs, is commonly attended with weariness and disappointment, is a truth attested by familiar experience. It is so natural to imagine, that genius must be elevated above a vulgar destiny and petty occupations, that, till the history closes, not all the dry details, and desultory anecdote, with which curiosity is tantalized and impatience irritated, can destroy the illusion. We know not how to reconcile with the rapid evolutions of a master mind,
the

* "Letters from the Mountains," of which an edition has also been published in America.

the monotonous rotation of ordinary events. We turn with disgust from the cold biographic outline, of which the incidents might be comprized in an epitaph, and repine that the poet was not his own historian : it was for him alone to unfold those secret workings of the soul, which created in the apparent void, such strong and vivid interest : he only could describe the passions that broke the stillness of solitude and seclusion, that agitated his heart with the wildness of the storm, or cast on his lonely visions, some passing gleams of hope and glory.

But were a poet to become his own biographer, we might equally be disappointed at the insipidity and coldness of his narrations ; how could he recall impressions in their very nature, fleeting and evanescent, and describe feelings too strong to be expressed in the past tense ? The history of the heart must be conveyed in the *living* language of the moment ;—it is, therefore, only by gaining access to his confidential letters, that we can truly know, as he deserves to be known, the man of sensibility and genius. In reading these, we are always carried back with more than chronological exactness, to the precise instant marked by the writer : we sympathize in all his sorrows and privations ; we participate in his pleasures, and have even an interest in his transient hopes and momentary delusions ;—

the *now* runs on through months and years, and we are pleased to note the nothings that fill up the space.

The correspondence of Klopstock, will be found to possess, in a supreme degree, that charm of confidence, which, from the shyness of the English character, is commonly wanting in our most familiar letters. We find in these a negative merit of almost equal rarity, that of not having been written for publication, and have even an involuntary belief that they were dismissed without revision, by the writer.

In the first and longest part of the collection, there is a regular series of letters from different individuals, whose style is sufficiently characteristic to lead the reader to divine the correspondent's name, without referring to the signature.

The respective writers are not so numerous as to occasion too much division of interest; there is both unity in the design, and variety in the style; and we can easily imagine all these epistolary personages, forming a circle, which has the frank simplicity of a family party, without its deprecated dulness.

It seems necessary to premise some particulars of those, with whom we are soon to become acquainted. Unfortunately, Klammer Schmidt has been extremely sparing of his biographical information;

mation ; there is, however, consolation in the conviction, that whatever he has thought proper to communicate, is of indisputable authority ; and it is perhaps better to rest satisfied with his few facts, than to supply the deficiency from any less authentic source.

The first figure in this group is the poet's father—the elder Klopstock. Without pretensions to birth or fortune, he had spent the greater part of his life in humble mediocrity at Quedlinburg, where he performed the functions of a magistrate, and by his upright conduct, secured the esteem of his fellow citizens. Unfitted by habits of abstraction for the business of the world, and little disposed to direct his thoughts to mercenary speculations, he found it difficult, even aided by the economy of an excellent wife, to maintain his numerous family, and during the latter part of his life was in a state of comparative indigence ; he had, however, faithfully discharged the duties of a parent, in educating his children, and was not depressed with vain apprehensions for their future destiny. He was himself little indebted to cultivation, and his prominent merits and defects were such as belong to the self-formed character. His piety was fervent, but in some degree tinged with superstition ; with the spirit of an old Lutheran, he thirsted for polemical controversy,

and once challenged the poet Gleim to a day's debate on some abstruse points of doctrine, expressly stipulating, that no profane subject should be admitted into their discourse. "Whatever he wrote," says Klammer Schmidt, "was like himself, frank, manly, and independent. He indulged in the arbitrary use of French or Latin words, which, mingled with German, formed altogether a sort of mosaic style, of whimsical singularity. His letters were truly characteristic; but as most of these referred to family affairs, or obscure books on obsolete subjects, and as they had frequently too controversial an aspect, they were generally found unfit for publication, and are therefore unavoidably suppressed."*

The elder Klopstock was proud of his son, and still prouder of *The Messiah*, the value of which was in his eyes considerably enhanced by its relation to theology. He interfered in the plan with the zeal of a disputant; nor is it improbable that the poet was secretly influenced by opinions to which he had always submitted with

* This judicious remark of Mr. Klammer Schmidt applied almost equally to the few he has retained, of which only two or three, and these merely as specimens, are submitted to the English reader.

with filial deference, when he resisted his own impulses to restore Abbadona to the regions of light.†

During the last years of his life, which were embittered with care and sickness, the elder Klopstock displayed the firmness of the philosopher with the fortitude of a christian, and finally expired with patriarchal piety and saintly resignation.

His virtues are attested by the veneration they inspired in his children; and Klopstock's letter on his death, so touching from the artless manner in which it exhibits genuine grief, is a better tribute to his name than encomiastic monody or monumental inscription.

Of an opposite cast to this patriarchal correspondent, is his nephew, the volatile, fantastic Schmidt, the votary of Anacreon and Horace, and yet the professed panegyrist of Klopstock. In one of his letters, the reader will find a description of his character, drawn by himself, which, as Klammer Schmidt intimates, is a correct resemblance.

From childhood he had associated with Klopstock as his dearest friend, and was the first to recognize, and to proclaim, his cousin's superior genius. Yet in the following correspondence it will appear that he avows for Gleim a preference he had never felt for Klopstock. Though born to
affluence,

† See Miss Smith's Memoirs.

affluence, he spent some years at Langasalze, in a retirement unsuited to his taste, which gave no scope to his talents, and where his chief solace appears to have been the society of his sister, the beautiful Fanny, so passionately beloved—so fondly celebrated by the author of *The Messiah*.

Like his two correspondents, Schmidt was a poet, but distinguished from both by a playful tone of raillery, which was sometimes indulged at their expence; he often smiles at the fine poetical phrenzy of Klopstock, nor does even Gleim, for whom he professes a degree of regard little short of adoration, always escape his archness. But his sprightly vein affords such an agreeable relief to the sentimental pensiveness of Klopstock, that we are disposed to allow for the indulgence of his favourite propensity—and it is not without dissatisfaction that we so soon lose sight of him in the correspondence. Of the circumstances which led to this estrangement, no particulars are communicated; but we accidentally learn, that Schmidt finally fixed his residence at Weimar, and died there in 1807, three years after his early friends Klopstock and Gleim had paid the debt of nature.

The sister of Schmidt, the accomplished Fanny, next claims attention; and though we find but two of her letters in the collection, and those are too short to enable us to form any opinion of her character,

character, yet having heard of her so often, we are gratified with even so trifling a specimen of her style and sentiments.

From these two billets it is easy to discover that she was cultivated, and accustomed to literary conversation; but though the enamoured Klopstock is pleased to call her a Sévigné, it is surely rather by contrast than comparison, that she excites any recollection of that charming writer. Fanny became acquainted with the poet at Langsalze in 1748, during his residence in the Weiss family. From that period she was the object of his idolatry; and to use the words of Klamer Schmidt, inspired him with a passion which tinged with gloom four brilliant years of his life. Fanny gave her hand in 1753 to a merchant in Eisenach, of whom her brother observed with his usual point, *that he had not only sense and good humour; but a handsome person, and was consequently in possession of every requisite to make a reasonable discreet woman happy.*

Margaret Muller, the delightful Meta, is already perfectly known, and it only remains to add, that of her too few letters, not one has been suppressed, since even in writing on the most trifling occasion, she has a native charm that is all her own, and irresistibly inspires sympathy and affection.

The most interesting correspondent after Meta is
Gleim

Gleim the poet, the scholar, the man of taste, the honorable confident and bosom counsellor of all his friends. He was born in 1715, at a place near Halberstadt, on the banks of the Selke, and but two miles distant from Quedlinburg, the native place of Klopstock. In their boyish days, however, they had no intercourse. Gleim, who was some years the elder, was sent for education to Wernigrade, and probably never heard of his future friend till he had entered the lists of fame. His parents were eminent for worth and wisdom, and Gleim, like every other poet of that age in Germany, was equally distinguished for filial piety. He soon became conscious of his talents for poetry, and composed songs and odes in imitation of Anacreon and Horace. Destitute, however, of patrimony, he had to seek his fortune, and in 1740, accepted the post of secretary to Prince William of Sweden. The only benefit he reaped from this situation, was his introduction to the poet Kleist, with whom he formed a lasting friendship. In 1749, he received an invitation from the Chapter of Halberstadt to assume the functions of their secretary, and was thus fixed for life in his native province. The salary annexed to his office was adequate to his moderate wishes, and although it imposed many irksome duties, he still found leisure for the Muses. He was never married, and his affections

affections seemed to center in a few chosen friends. As he advanced in life, he was apt to impute indifference or anticipate neglect; but at the first overture of kindness, was ready to present the calumet of peace, and renew the covenant of fidelity and affection. Of his intimate friend Kleist there is such frequent mention, that, like an absent personage of the drama, we are always expecting him to enter on the scene.

Ewald Christian Kleist was born in 1718, near Coslin in Pomerania, and received his elementary education under the superintendence of his father, who was descended from an ancient family, and lived in retirement at the seat of his ancestors. When the young Kleist quitted the paternal roof, he was placed in a public school at Dantzick; and having completed his academical course, was at length admitted as a student of jurisprudence in the university of Königsberg. He pursued alternately the mathematics, medicine and philosophy, without losing his relish for polite literature; but, too active, or too ambitious, to be satisfied with scholastic seclusion, he visited Copenhagen, where he had near relations, and was by their persuasion induced to accept a commission in the Danish service: shortly after he returned on military duty to Pomerania, and there became attached to the lady he has celebrated
under

under the name of Doris. Circumstances opposed their union, and the great Frederick having invited him to the Prussian service, he consoled himself for his unsuccessful passion, with the love of glory, and acquired considerable reputation during the campaigns of 1744 and 1745. On the suspension of hostilities, he repaired to Potsdam, and amused his vacant hours by writing *The Spring*, that celebrated poem, from the perusal of which, Klopstock conceived for him such enthusiastic affection. The success of this little work was brilliant beyond example; it was translated into Italian, and went through several editions in the same year. It is worthy of remark, that Kleist wrote no other poem in the same measure, and that in general his compositions were of a totally different cast. He was distinguished from the poets of the English school, by a vein of satire, and occasional allusions to men and manners. In the region of a court, he retained his own austere principles and simple habits, and perhaps caught a tincture of misanthropy, by being forced into a world with which he could not assimilate, and from which his heart recoiled with disgust. He remained unmarried, and this circumstance, with his imputed constancy to Doris, excited in Klopstock a peculiar interest in his destiny. Kleist appears to have corresponded with Gleim to whom he was sincerely attached,

attached, and who on his part repaid the affection with a fervor of enthusiasm which bordered on idolatry. This excellent man who lost his life in 1759, at the battle of Cunersdorf, is, forty years after his death, mentioned by Gleim, with mingled tenderness and veneration.

Sulzer and Schuldness are not regular correspondents, and are besides sufficiently known, by the part they take in the Swiss Journal.

Of Klopstock himself it is scarcely necessary to speak, since his character is so fully developed in the following pages. At the commencement of the correspondence he had recently left the Weiss family, with whom he lived in the capacity of a domestic tutor, and was proceeding to Switzerland where he attracted universal homage; but not all the caresses he received could estrange him from the recollection of his former companions, or atone to his susceptible heart for their reproofs or their neglect. With all the enthusiasm of native genius, its unappeasable desire of fame, and lofty aspirations after immortality, he still clings affectionately to his friends, on whose kindness and sympathy he is constantly dependent for his best pleasures; he is eager to impart to them whatever has given him delight, and, with childlike simplicity, expects they should not only share, but divide his triumphs. It is
pleasing

pleasing to observe the different style in which he addresses his parents ; to his mother he overflows with endearing confidence, he communicates any little circumstance calculated to gratify her maternal feelings, and withholds only his cares ; but for his father he shews a sort of religious reverence, carefully abstaining from subjects of too light a cast to accord with his serious character ; to him, therefore, he mentions, not the honours he has received, but the arduous duties he has engaged to fulfil ; and when he announces his intention of composing a series of devotional hymns, it is obviously with the persuasion that he shall present an acceptable offering to his father's piety, and we easily discover an amiable solicitude to obtain his benediction.

From the period of Margaret Klopstock's death, the correspondence devolves on the poet and Gleim, and, in the absence of dearer interests, sometimes takes a more literary cast. Those, however, who look for a transcript of books, or criticisms on authors, will inevitably be disappointed. Yet is it, perhaps, from this very circumstance, that the work may be considered as in some degree a literary curiosity, since it not only affords a specimen of the style which prevailed in Germany sixty years ago, but exhibits the character of their nascent literature, of which,
if

if we may credit one of their most elegant modern writers, the primitive spirit is now extinct.

In a letter from Muller to Gleim, dated 1796, we have the following observation : “ Just before
“ I received your poem of *The Hut*, I had been
“ reading in the Helvetic almanack for 1750 a
“ letter of Hirzel, in which he mentions you and
“ Klopstock, and which brought to my mind all
“ the youthful gaiety that belonged to our new
“ literature, whose spirit still breathes in you.
“ (Imagine with what transports I have mused on
“ your *Hut*.) No chronology was necessary to
“ ascertain that the date was coeval with Hirzel’s
“ letter, I find in both the true principles of
“ wisdom, content and liberty.” Of this youthful spirit and its happy influence, it is impossible not to be sensible in reading the early series of the following letters. We have here a holiday view of human society ; the ordinary cares of life are suspended, the darker passions dismissed, the distinctions of rank and fortune forgotten, the rich are gay, the poor contented. It is a native strain of happiness that makes every heart beat in unison with the simple movement.

Klopstock and his friends appear to have realized whatever the poets of other countries have fancied of concord and truth, frankness and hospitality. The simple tastes, the domestic habits, and even

the domestic virtues, which, in a luxurious state of society, often form only the pleasures of the imagination, were to them the household Deities, whose influence produced perpetual renovation to the most common enjoyments; these pleasures did not fade, the spirit of enthusiasm preserved them from languor and satiety. In the course of this correspondence we continually meet with characters similar to those that delight us in the page of fiction, till we recollect that they have no prototypes in actual existence. The poets of that age formed a confederacy, from which jealousy and rivalry were excluded.* Animated by a noble object of national emulation, they rejoiced in mutual success, and cordially welcomed to their communion every new probationer of fame. Most of them lived in retirement, and with the exception of the literary men assembled in Berlin, who had their club and their academy, were seldom thrown into much society. They delighted in the interchange of letters, and this commerce generally extended to many they had never seen, but for whom they had conceived an ardent attachment. It was in this manner that Klopstock laid the foundation of an intimacy which lasted half a century; and afterwards, with as little ceremony, desired his

* During Klopstock's long life, we hear only of his feud with Bodmer, and that, to his honour, was suppressed:

his friend Gleim to write to Margaret Muller, whom he only knew by his partial description. We may be permitted to smile at their proneness to such sudden impressions, and their extreme facility in submitting to them; but we shall be unable to withhold respect for their undeviating rectitude and manly independence; and this respect will in generous minds be exalted to veneration, when we consider to what point their efforts were directed, and what object their perseverance achieved.

In other countries, both of ancient and modern Europe, the birth of literature has been coeval with some great political or moral changes, and heralded by awful triumphs, or illustrious calamities; but the Teutonic harp was attuned in a season of stillness and security; the chords did not vibrate wildly to the elements, nor was the melody divided by the murmurs of the storm. Yet the genius of poetry was not invoked by royal munificence. In the court of Frederick, though filled with men of letters, the native language was despised and neglected; and there was no other prince sufficiently powerful or enlightened, to be a patron and protector. It was from the people alone that this *literary reformation* emanated. The agents in the grand design were no other than private individuals, who in an obscure station, were capable of enlarged views and exalted sentiments;

men patient of poverty, invincible to difficulty, animated not by patronage but patriotism, magnanimous in their indifference to fortune, insatiable in their desire of glory. Such were the men by whom the literature of Germany was called into existence; with the spirit of heroes, they persevered till they had presented to their country this intellectual trophy, which suddenly rose like the monumental mounds of their northern ancestors, when every soldier filled his helmet with earth, and none rested on his spear:* and which, like them, shall remain when the labours of cotemporary statesmen and warriors are consigned in obscurity and oblivion.

The German language, it is well known, possesses peculiar aptitudes for metrical modulation; but independent of language, the society in which such men had arisen, must have been congenial to the poetical character. Who does not know that the sensibilities of the uncorrupted heart, the energies of the nobler mind, the emotions produced by the moral beautiful and sublime, are all allied to the spirit of poetry?

Klopstock and his colleagues were not only sheltered from criticism, but assured of that cordial reciprocation which confirms confidence. It was

* See Mallet's Northern Antiquities.

was the happy moment of inspiration, not such as ripens exquisite genius, but which awakens the consciousness of talents, and bids every bud of fancy expand in free luxuriance.

It might appear remarkable that, in a country distinguished by the jealous vigilance of rank, men of letters, without birth or fortune, should have so easily obtained superior consideration ; but it must be remembered that they extorted esteem by their principles, entered into no political intrigues, and were as little tools of faction as slaves of corruption. It was to the people they looked for patronage and protection ; cheered by their applause, rewarded with their attachment, they used no unworthy means to attract a few transient smiles from those, whom Nature had doomed to insignificance ; they scorned to be mendicants of praise or parasites of prosperity. Above all, they ensured respect from the public, by lending encouragement and assistance to each other. The demarcation of ranks might contribute to cement their union. It is perhaps of advantage to the literary class when they can aspire to no order more dignified than their own, since they are thus preserved from the petty ambition which too often subverts integrity with glory, and renders a titular honour synonymous with a moral degradation.

Nothing can be more independent than the

spirit that breathes through the following correspondence ; and these letters would perhaps deserve publication, were it only for the new and pleasing light in which they exhibit the votaries of poetry, and their comparatively happy destiny.

The condition of literary men in Germany, appears to have been almost as singular as the manner in which their literature was created. We hear not of a Cervantes, a Spencer, a Butler, of detraction added to unkindness, of obloquy aggravating neglect ; still less do we hear of any by whose moral turpitude the name of poetry or philosophy was disgraced.—The Gessners, the Gellerts, the Hallers, the Herders, and a host of names, conspire to attest the natural coalition between moral and intellectual excellence. After such ample testimony, who shall affirm that the pursuits of poetry are inimical to virtue—who shall believe that the poet is by nature disqualified for happiness ?

In the character of Klopstock, it is impossible not to detect those temperamental sensibilities * which have been supposed to include the seed of future misery, and his passage through life was marked by circumstances which in another country might perhaps have doomed him to wretchedness and desolation. At the commencement of his career,

* See an eloquent passage in Dr. Currie's life of Burns.

career, he had to struggle with indigence, nor did the subsequent friendship of Count Bernstorff, or the favour of his master, secure to him the blessings of ease and competence, since in the letter on his father's death, he laments his inability to defray the expences of his sister's education. On his return to Hamburgh, he depended on casual or precarious resources for subsistence, and late in life scrupled accepting presents from Angelica Kauffman, because he could make no return but thanks; yet was Klopstock not unhappy, for he lived where wealth was not necessary to procure respect, or to purchase the luxuries of intellectual association. He lived with companions congenial to his mind and heart, by whom noble sentiments were not as enthusiasm deprecated, or as eccentricity disclaimed; generosity was not derided as romance, nor disinterested conduct stigmatized as insanity! In the ardor and independence of his character, he had also another source of permanent delight. It was *his* privilege not only to have co-operated in the creation of a national literature, but to have animated others by the example of his patriotism and emulation. He lived to realize the visions of impassioned youth, to see himself the patriarch of German poetry—to behold the shoot he had grafted bud forth in rich luxuriance on the parent stem, with the promise of immortal bloom and beauty.

He could recall the time when the language in which he thought and wrote, had been abandoned to homely obscurity; he might trace its progress from captivity to conquest; he had been among the first to assert its rights, and it was his pride to see them acknowledged by the most cultivated nations of Europe. "Should the next century produce as many detractors as the present," says Klamer Schmidt, "still will they be unable to deprive the poet of one imperishable laurel, still must envy and detraction allow him the merit of having tuned to harmony our national lyre, which was before rude and dissonant."

In a literary view, indeed, Klopstock appears to have been singularly favored by fortune: having been raised by a youthful effort, when the powers of his mind were but partially unfolded, to the absolute possession of fame. Eminently happy in the subject he had chosen, we find him hailed not only as a poet but almost as an apostle. One admirer speaks of his sacred vocation, and another confesses herself indebted to his Messiah, for her first exalted conceptions of the Deity. The uncultivated were touched with the scriptural descriptions, and at once charmed and awed by those sacred images which had first been traced on their remembrance. The literary were charmed with the novelty of hexameters in German

man verse, and by being published in single books, the objections to which the poem was most liable, from a defective plan, escaped the critical reader. The splendor of its success attracted a crowd of imitators, and the year 1750 was so prolific in attempts at the Epopea, that Schmidt quotes on the occasion, a remark of Ramler, *that it would soon be difficult to determine whether it were the greater stigma not to write, or to have written, an epic poem.* These ephemera have long since perished, whilst the Messiah still remains in lofty pre-eminence. That much of its former popularity is lost, must be inferred from Klamer Schmidt's allusion to critics and detractors. But the invention, and even the majesty of the numbers, is, as he justly observes, a merit, to which even envy and detraction cannot refuse praise.

The Messiah has been happily compared to a Gothic church,* and surely ought not to be judged by

* “Lorsqu'on commence ce poëme, on croit entrer dans une grande église, au milieu de laquelle un orgue se fait entendre, et l'attendrissement et le recueillement que les temples du Seigneur inspirent, s'emparent de l'ame en lisant la *Messiad*.” —
De l'Allemagne.

It should be remembered that the Messiah was cotemporary with many works of a solemn cast in England; such as Young's *Night Thoughts*, the *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, Hervey's *Meditations*, which had in its day a flow of popularity. *Clarissa* had been translated into German, and something like an imitation of Richardson's epistolary style may be traced in Schmidt.

by the rules* of Grecian composition. The defects in the plan, the confusion produced by the fatiguing number of characters, who are rather names than personages, must be obvious to the most superficial glance, whilst the grandeur in the conceptions, the elevation and dignity of the sentiments, can, perhaps, be fully tasted only by a few poetical *ruminators*.

Something like this is admitted by Gleim, when he says that Klopstock, like Milton, requires an Addison to point out his beauties to his countrymen. In one of his transports of enthusiasm, the same friend exclaims, "Klopstock, thou art neither Homer nor Pindar, but *Eloa*."* The real power of Klopstock resides in the enthusiasm with which he yields to his own impressions, forgetting all but an ideal world. He was no master of the passions; he understood not their language. He had only studied man in the abstract, and was unacquainted with the artificial idioms acquired in society. He had no eloquence but for those domestic affections which form the primitive voice of nature; his imagination was conversant with beings of a higher order, yet in his wildest flights, he reminds the reader, by some native touches of pathos, that he is a man, and a brother.

Whatever

* *Eloa* is one of the Angels in the Messiah, who appears to be the minstrel of heaven.

Whatever he wrote is so perfectly in harmony with his own character, that his true source of inspiration should seem to have been the heart. In all his writings, he is animated either by friendship, or filial piety; by patriotism or devotion. Though decidedly of the English school, it cannot be said he proposed to himself any model of imitation. In exploring the same region as Milton, he deviates into an original track, and in adopting the same subjects as Young, he imparts to them his own amiable and almost feminine tenderness. His images of death have nothing to revolt the mind; he finds a sacred joy in grief; he delights in cherishing the images of departed friends, and anticipating their reunion in the realms of immortality.

A few years after Meta's death, Klopstock became attached to a young lady of Blankenburg, who was not insensible to his affection; but the father opposing the union, the acquaintance terminated abruptly, and the poet seemed to have relinquished the idea of forming another matrimonial connexion; nor was it till after the lapse of twenty years, that he married Johanna von Wendhem, to whose youth he had been a paternal instructor, and who was from gratitude induced to become the companion and solace of his declining years. During this interval, Klopstock completed
his

his Messiah, wrote several scriptural plays, and composed a series of national odes, calculated to inspire his compatriots with veneration for the land of their fathers. The design of these poems was suggested to his mind by the Edda or Icelandic Mythology, an admirable account of which is given in Mallet's preface to the History of Denmark. His friend Schmidt had been attracted to this subject, many years before, by the perusal of Sir William Temple's Essay on Heroic Virtue; but Klopstock, who drew his information from a more copious source, soon conceived the hope of rendering it subservient to the great object for which he lived, the exaltation of his country.

He did not paraphrase those Runic fables, like Gray, and other English poets; he merely employed their machinery in his own original compositions, interweaving the marvellous legends of Scandinavia, with the romantic traditions of his forefathers. The great Arminius had been the idol of his youthful fancy; and it was, therefore, from no new impulse, that he celebrated that renowned champion of freedom, under the popular name of Hermann.

It appears that Gleim participated not in his friend's ardour for these remote researches; and to the infinite chagrin of Klopstock, continued in his poems to prefer the native Gods of the Hercynian forest, to the polished deities of Greece and Rome.

Rome. On this point alone, there existed between them a complete dissonance of sentiment; Gleim could have adopted the predilection for Arminius, had Klopstock shewn the same disposition to recognize the merit of Frederick the Great, who was in his estimation the first of sovereigns and of heroes. From his intimacy with Kleist, he had imbibed a partiality for Berlin and its literary circles, which continued to operate: his taste was not warped by prejudice; and to talents, wherever they existed, he was ready to offer homage. In a letter to Muller, he confesses *he is not so very a German as Klopstock and his echoes, who affected to consider Pope and Voltaire as pigmies in poetry.*

The schism of opinion in these faithful friends, extended not to the heart, and as little as Gleim cared for Arminius, he received the bardits or heroic odes, in which he was celebrated, with the most impassioned admiration. At the age of eighty, there was still youth in his soul; and he retraced with transport, the scenes he had once enjoyed with Klopstock. He writes with an earnestness, that assures us he did not exaggerate his feelings: he entreats only to be permitted the perusal of his friend's unpublished poems; under the pressure of illness, he still wishes to live for this banquet; and when afflicted with blindness, he dwells on the loss he sustains, in only
hearing

hearing them read, as the most cruel excess of the privation.

Neither poetry nor patriotism swayed the soul of Gleim, like friendship ; it had been the ruling passion of his life ; and when every other human care had been resigned, still kept its place. On his death bed, he dictated to his old and dearest correspondent, this tender reproach :—" I am
" dying, my friend ; and with the sincerity of a
" dying man, will I say,—we have not lived enough
" together, nor enough for each other." It will appear, that the intimation, conveyed by these words, was not wholly undeserved ; and that Klopstock, happy in his own domestic circle, had not always treated with due attention the desolate Gleim, who was but too sensible to imaginary neglect : but this weakness was the infirmity of decaying nature ; he was still capable of fortitude, and beguiled his tedious illness, by composing some lyrical poems, to which he gave the appropriate name of his " Last Hours." Of these " Last Hours," Klammer Schmidt observes, that they are not unworthy of his reputation ; and, without allowing himself to dwell on those last remains, with the coldness of a critic, thus proceeds to apostrophise the author :—" Farewell, thou man of noble nature ! thou friend of friends ! who hast supplied to so many the place of father !
and

and wert also mine! easily offended, easily appeased; even in anger, was thy right hand frankly pledged to peace and forgiveness: thou explorer of modest virtue! thou fosterer of neglected talents! little was there of dross in thy composition, and that little was separated long ere thine end, leaving only thy genuine worth, the sterling gold!"

Klopstock outlived Gleim but a few months, and considering the intense feelings of the poor blind friend, it is soothing to reflect, that *he* was not the survivor. The publication of this correspondence had been proposed to him a short time previous to his death, and received his cordial approbation. It can scarcely be doubted, that he was pleased with a suggestion which promised his friend any accession of reputation. Careless for himself, he seems to have built his ambition on Klopstock's fame; and the following passage, in which the confessedly most eloquent writer of modern France, has paid homage to the author of the *Messiah*, might be considered as an oblation for the spirit of Gleim, and a tribute to his friendship and fidelity:—"Ceux qui ont connu Klopstock le respectent autant qu'ils l'admirent. La religion, la liberté, l'amour ont occupé toutes ses pensées; il professa la religion par l'accomplissement de tous ses devoirs; il abdiqua la cause même de la liberté, quand le sang innocent
l'eut

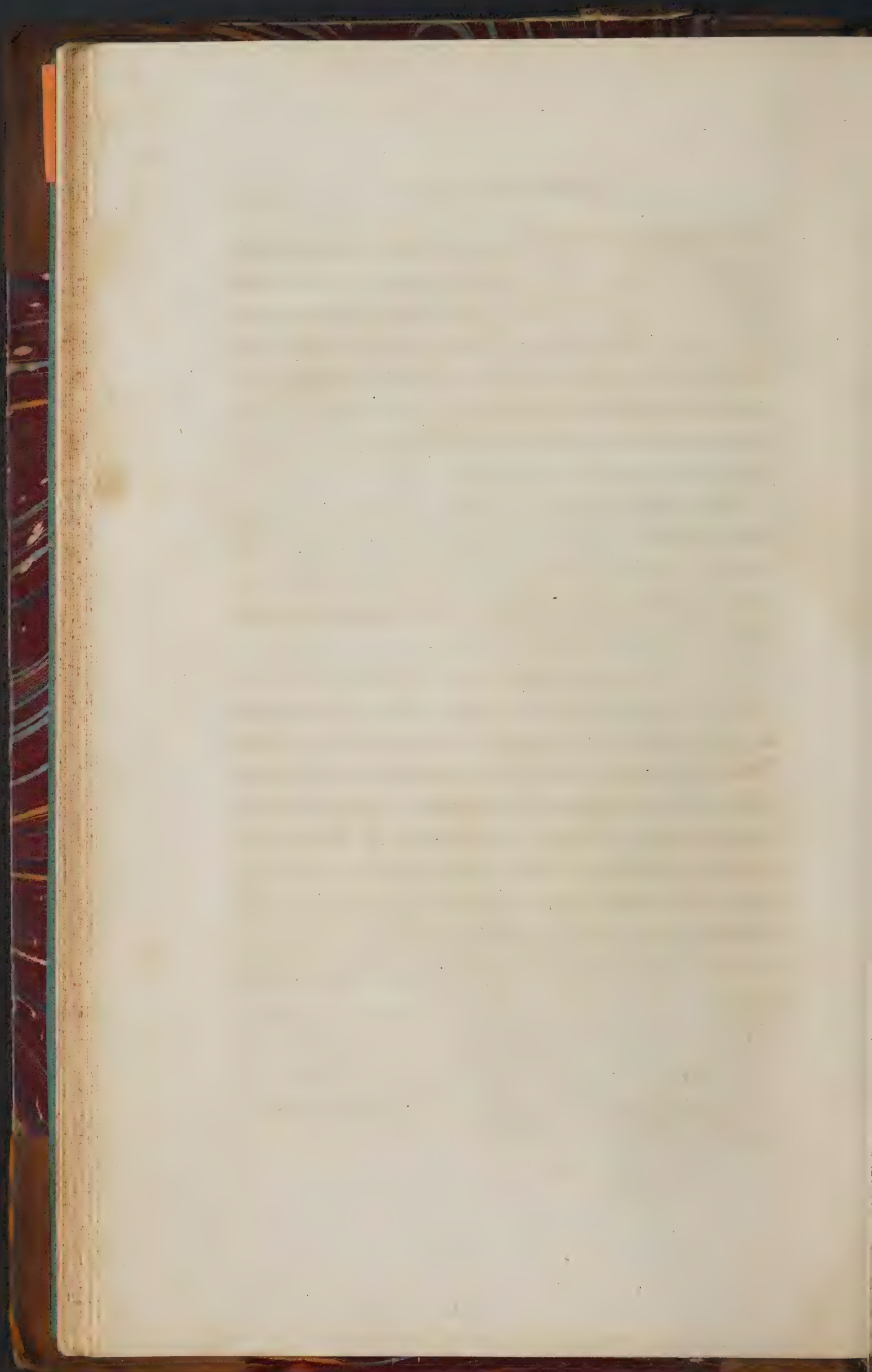
l'eut souillée, et la fidélité consacra les attachements de son cœur. Jamais il ne s'appuya de son imagination pour justifier aucun écart, elle exaltoit son âme sans l'égarer. On dit que sa conversation étoit pleine d'esprit et même de goût ; qu'il aimoit l'entretien des femmes, et surtout celui des Françaises, et qu'il étoit bon juge de ce genre d'agrémens que la pédanterie reprouve, je le crois facilement, car il y a toujours quelque chose d'universel dans le génie, et peut-être même tient-il par des rapports secrets à la grace, du moins à celle que donne la nature. Combien un tel homme étoit loin de l'envie, de l'égoïsme, et des fureurs de vanité, dont plusieurs écrivains se sont accusés au nom de leurs talens ! s'ils en avoient eu davantage, aucun de ces défauts ne les auroit agités. On est orgueilleux, irritable, étonné de soi-même, quand un peu d'esprit vient se mêler à la médiocrité du caractère ; mais le vrai génie inspire de la reconnoissance et de la modestie : car on sent qui l'a donné et l'on sent aussi quelles bornes celui qui l'a donné y a mises.

“ On trouve, dans la seconde partie de la *Messie*, un très-beau morceau sur la mort de Marie, sœur de Marthe et de Lazare, et désignée dans l'évangile comme l'image de la vertu contemplative. Lazare, qui a reçu de Jésus Christ une seconde fois la vie, dit adieu à sa sœur avec un mélange de douleur et de confiance profondément sensible. Klopstock
a fait

a fait des derniers moments de Marie le tableau de la mort du juste, Lorsqu'à son tour il étoit aussi sur son lit de mort, il répétoit d'une voix expirante ses vers sur Marie ; il se les rappeloit à travers les ombres du cercueil, et les prononçoit tout bas pour s'exhorter lui-même à bien mourir : ainsi les sentiments exprimés par le jeune homme étoient assez purs pour consoler le vieillard.

“ Ah qu'il est beau le talent, quand on ne l'a jamais profané, quand il n'a servi qu'à révéler aux hommes, sous la forme attrayante des beaux arts, les sentiments généreux et les espérances religieuses obscurcies au fond de leur cœur !

“ Le même chant de la mort de Marie fut lu à la cérémonie funèbre de l'enterrement de Klopstock. Le poète étoit vieux quand il cessa de vivre ; mais l'homme vertueux saisissait déjà les palmes immortelles qui rajeunissent l'existence et fleurissent sur les tombeaux. Tous les habitants de Hambourg rendirent au patriarche de la littérature les honneurs qu'on n'accorde guère ailleurs qu'au rang ou au pouvoir, et les manes de Klopstock reçurent la récompense qui méritoit sa belle vie.”—*De l'Allemagne.*



KLOPSTOCK
AND
HIS FRIENDS.

LETTER I.

From Schmidt to Gleim.

Leipsic, May 9th, 1750.

YOU see how bold I am, and that even in this early stage of our acquaintance I scruple not to claim all the privileges of ancient friendship; but you will cease to wonder at my importunity, when you recollect that I am rapid and impetuous in all my movements, and that an attachment which is scarcely four weeks old, has reached in my heart the patriarchal standard of a century.

To confess the truth, Klopstock already prefers you to his early friend, and but for the fear of seeming to boast overmuch, I should be tempted to say, I have a strong inclination to retaliate by

imitating his example. My sister, who presents to you many compliments, can talk to Klopstock of nothing but her lover Doris. Be not surprized that I call the maid not Daphne, but simply my sister; I can assure you I am never better pleased to give her that title, than when another bard like yourself considers her sufficiently attractive to merit a poetical appellation.

A thousand thanks for the odes I have received. On some future post day you may expect from Klopstock and me a Messiah and an Iliad; I eagerly anticipate your letter, and perhaps shall accompany Klopstock on his next visit to Halberstadt.*

Postscript from Klopstock.—I can now but briefly say, my dear Gleim, what I shall soon repeat in a long letter, I hold you so dear that I feel I shall soon be entitled to contend with Kleist for a place in your heart.

Postscript by Fanny.—My brother says it will be agreeable to Mr. Gleim to receive the assurance of my esteem and admiration; may I hope he is right?

* The place of Gleim's residence.

LETTER II.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Langesalze,* Whitsun Eve.

My dearest Mr. Gleim,

How sincerely do I rejoice, that the time approaches for our meeting, when you shall see whether I have indeed a heart, and with what an *unhomerick* mien I can embrace you. Had you not happened to come to Leipsic, or had I happened to visit your neighbourhood, I should long since have been familiar with you, and, from the first glance, endeavoured to discover how far I might dispute with Kleist the possession of your heart. It is now almost three quarters of a year since I first read his *Spring*, and, from that moment, was drawn to him by a stronger impulse of affection, than I could have believed it possible to feel for any friend I had never seen, however noble and sacred to my imagination.

So dear, indeed, do I hold him, that I cannot think, without emotion, of your communicating to him my sentiments—what a glimpse of heaven if we should be mutual friends! We have, with

* Langesalze, is a small town of Thuringia, in the north of Saxony. It was here that Klopstock spent some years in the family of Mr. Weiss, as domestic tutor; the Schmidts resided in the same place.

regard to one subject, on which I no longer trust myself to speak, the same destiny; with this difference, however, that I am still more unfortunate than your incomparable friend. If I may hope that Kleist has read some of my midnight effusions, he is, in the strict sense, the only reader who perfectly enters into all my thoughts and feelings.

LETTER III.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Langesalze, July 1750.

This is not the long letter I promised; forgive the delay—indeed, when I consider how often I have been disturbed in my wonted epistolary inspirations, I am surely entitled to claim forgiveness from your justice. At any rate I have but sinned like Klopstock, whose Messiah was promised to the public at Easter; and really, an Iliad of a letter addressed to you, full of nothing but friendship, is in its way, as difficult to write, and, as a curiosity, no less to be valued than the Messiah. Were I only to write the history of my feelings, I ought to possess every talent that belongs to the historian, and should

have as much reason to invoke assistance from the muses, as the poet who sings of angels and devils, of death and hell.

But the muses deign not to remain with their humble votary; they take little interest in my success; they shew not the friendship they bear to Gleim, and that Gleim transfers to me. I am accustomed to have many quarrels with my heart, and one of the most violent conflicts between us is to restrain the impulse which prompts it to pour forth every feeling to you. My Gleim, how happy am I! Hush, heart be still, thou shall not assume the master; I will not submit to the insolent usurpation—never was any thing so refractory; no Briton is more impatient of tyranny than this perverse thing of the slightest contradiction; again in a state of mutiny, again its violent throbs almost compel me to lay down the pen; how many pangs did it make me suffer for the girl I left in Leipsic! (ah Gleim!) that girl was an incomparable being; peace, torment or peace—if I only knew what right the heart can have to arrogate such power—but it has no more pretensions to self controul than a child, or the kings of France, who think it fair for all their wild vagaries to assign that most comprehensive of reasons, *I will*.

With regard to poetry, I have at present no lei-

sure to think of such compositions, I feel with more energy than I can express, and to write on any subjects but such as are prompted by feeling, this wicked heart of mine allows me neither time nor liberty. Am I not a babbler? how rambling is this letter! pray consider it as a little Iliad, and to eke out the comparison, you have only to set such passages as refer to business, against Homer's descriptions of the horses, and add to these some indifferent speeches of the Gods *

LETTER IV.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Quedlinburg, June 20th, 1750.

As you wished me to accompany you in your late excursion, know, I, in fancy, hovered over your steps, and enjoyed with you all those agreeable rural scenes, of which I can still recal a kind of twilight view to remembrance. But do not imagine I would allow my spirit to venture with you to the magic circle of female beauty; I should have found it too tantalizing to have merely an ideal participation of such enjoyment. Sulzer's *intended* is indeed a delightful girl, and appears not

* Those passages do not appear.

a little disposed to become my friend; I should not despair of inspiring the same good-will in the amiable girls of Magdeburg, but what is all this compared with the privilege of having found such a friend as my dearest Gleim? Nothing in this world is more precious than friendship except love, and love only in the pure exalted sense, such as I long since felt, and you perhaps will some day learn to feel; I knew all this an age ago, but it is a satisfaction when our internal convictions are re-echoed to the heart by new and lively impressions.

LETTER V.

Klopstock to Fanny.

Quedlinburg, July 10th, 1750.

Yesterday, my dearest cousin, I returned from Magdeburg, where, in the full tide of gaiety and enjoyment, I still missed the *one* little letter I had so earnestly implored, and which was alone wanting to complete my felicity. How easy would it have been to you to dispatch, on this gentle errand, the little Anacreontic dove,* how very easy—but—I am tempted to revile the inflexibility—I would fain abuse you if I could—I would even deny

* Klopstock always employed this allegorical phraseology in speaking of his correspondence with Fanny.

that you are the best and dearest of your sex, if I could find in my heart to do so. I ought, at least, to suppress my own promised sketch of our excursion, since I am now deprived of the very circumstance on which I could have been most eloquent!

Had you but deigned to write, how happily might I have introduced the following passage into my description: “it was here that I received
“ *her* letter, when quitting the party, and almost
“ forgetting their existence, I shut myself up in
“ the prettiest room on the island, to muse on
“ *Fanny*. I sought the most shady walks, I plunged
“ into the deepest recesses to have no companions
“ but my own delicious meditations. Meanwhile,
“ the girls too, (charming girls,) were in quest of
“ me, but I was no where to be found; and why
“ was I not found? or rather, why did they not
“ know, there could be no human being so amiable,
“ so attractive as *Fanny*?”

All this, my dear cousin, and much more, might have been said on your letter, if, (unhappily, to spoil the description,) it were not the simple fact that it had never been written. Quitting this theme, I will now give you some account of our journey; Gleim and myself, drawn by four steeds not unworthy to have run at the Olympic games, performed a journey of six miles, in six hours.

No sooner had we arrived, than we were joined by Hempel, a painter, and *bel esprit*—one word of him as an artist *en passant*—he is at present copying all the faces on the island, and consequently performs an important part. With him we proceeded to the house of Bachmann,* in whose occupation are the delicious gardens, and who is himself an elder in religion, a sage in natural philosophy, a lover of the arts, and, to sum up all, an upright man! Righteousness is written on his brow. We found here the greater part of our company: there was Sulzer, whom you know through your brother; Miss Guisenhoff, Sulzer's *intended*; a girl who has speaking eyes, an understanding not unworthy of their eloquence, and who cultivates a taste for natural history, and has collected several chests of curiosities; and yet dresses with elegance, plays admirably, and sings Italian airs. Then comes her sister, Miss Wernigrad, who is almost such another, but *not quite the same*; Monsieur de la Veaux, from Halle, who resembles Bachmann, and Bachmann's youngest son, a lad of thirteen, under Sulzer's tuition, who is already something between

* Bachmann, a merchant, in whose family Sulzer lived as domestic tutor.—Mr. Sulzer, a native of Zurich, afterwards became professor and superintendant of the philosophical class in the academy at Berlin; a man of science and taste, and, in his day, a writer of some reputation.

the child and the man, and was most anxious to obtain from me the title of his little friend.

Such was the party till we reached Bachmann's mansion; and now, deserting the ladies we escorted, and forgetting those we met on the island; leaving gardens enchanted, and unenchanted, pavilions, pictures, promenades, and every curiosity, natural and artificial; I must instantly introduce you to a man who is worthy of your acquaintance, and who is no other than Mr. Sack, the first preacher in the Royal Chapel at Berlin: at the first glance he reminded me of the Abbot of Jerusalem, whom I formerly described; but do not imagine I shall attempt to bring Sack before your mind's eye, he must be seen and heard; there is an individuality, a something that belongs to him alone, that baffles description. He addressed me from the first moment as an intimate friend, and so instinctively did he divine our mutual inclinations, that we immediately took possession of a summer house, which promised a safe asylum from disturbance and intrusion; and here, how much had he to ask and I to answer of Fanny? I indulged him with the sight of your last letter, on which he rapturously exclaimed it was a *perfect Sévigné*; he importuned for a copy, but, without your permission, I would not grant his request.

Mr. Sack was accompanied by his wife and daughter, and the island was graced by many other ladies,

but to introduce them all would be too tedious. I have often thought, that the sweetest moment of a poet's triumph, is to find himself the object of an amiable female audience, by whom he is at once admired and caressed. It has sometimes fallen to my lot to read the passage of Lazarus and Cidli, to a circle of youthful maids, who admitted no other intruder, and sweetly repaid me with their artless tears; in such moments how happy have I been! and yet, oh! Fanny, how much more happy I might be!

On the present occasion a different scene awaited me, in which I had to perform a more arduous part: I found Madame Sack had by some means obtained copies of all my odes, not excepting even *that* which I supposed to be exclusively in Bodmer's possession; and now, you anticipate what followed.—I was assailed with prayers and solicitations, and how was it possible to resist such importunity? yet I yielded with reluctance, and Gleim ended the contest by reading the poems in question, whilst I hid myself behind the hoops and sunscreens: the reading having ceased, there followed such a torrent of questions! and how many true things did I aver to which my auditors gave no belief; but once I obtained implicit credit, when I exclaimed,—“ Yet all this, and far more than this, deserves my Fanny;” then rang the room with plaudits and acclamations, and the women re-echoed, even with tears of enthusiasm, the

praises of Fanny; and as I gazed on their fine eyes, which glistened with sensibility, methought I was transported to Elysium! That night, for I must now glance rapidly over inferior things, that night I stole to the garden, to muse and meditate on Fanny.

It was a delicious heavenly hour, and fervent was the prayer I offered for her who is the supreme object of my existence; it is surely impossible that such an invincible impulse of affection, such unmeasured, eternal, love, should have been given in vain; the sacred conviction sunk in my heart, and methought I received the aspirations, not only of hope, but immortality.

11th July.

I must now briefly relate to you something of Mr. Sack. During our first interview, he said to me, "let me whisper in your ear; you have a vocation from Providence of more than ordinary importance, a vocation to write the Messiah, and every effort should be directed to the accomplishment of that one object. The Abbot of Jerusalem would attach you to his society, and deserves to do so, but that would not be placing you in your proper sphere; and if he really merit the opinion I am disposed to entertain of his principles, he will readily sacrifice his present gratification to the superior pleasure of seeing your work completed. I have in embryo a plan to enable you to spend

two years in Berlin, perfectly at your ease, and perfectly master of your time. The particulars of this plan I hope in a few weeks to transmit to you at Zurich. Whatever be your fortune, it is obvious that Berlin is the only place for you, and if you wish to enjoy the society of your friend, suffer me to assure you that Berlin is equally the place for him.”*

Between this conversation and our separation, many little pleasant things occurred; but I must not take your permission to write long letters in too unqualified a sense, and will not run the risk of fatiguing you by the repetition.

Five o'clock was the time fixed for our departure. In the morning, Sack would have me sit for my picture; and all the women, except Miss Sack, exclaimed, “It was taken to the life.” In gratitude for this agreeable declaration, I gave each of them a kiss, and even Miss Sack, at length retracted her opinion. It was with regret we thought of parting; but this inevitable moment arrived. After a reluctant farewell, we had to

* It does not appear that any thing resulted from these various plans of Mr. Sack to Klopstock's advantage, and the friend alluded to could not be Kleist, who was at Potsdam, and an officer in the Prussian service, but was probably Schmidt. Miss Sack is mentioned in Richardson's Correspondence by Mr. Reich as a woman of uncommon talents.

pass the night at the mansion of a portly country gentleman, who tired us heartily with his long stories. The next morning I was joined by Sulzer and his two Swiss companions. How happy, how supremely happy could you have made me, had I been permitted to greet a letter from Langesalze ; but I have long been accustomed to ask *that* for which I dare not hope.

LETTER VI.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Langesalze, July, 1750.

My sister is at length nearly restored to health, and but for pale haggard looks and feeble limbs, would retain no traces of her recent indisposition. I assure you, she has incurred a large debt to my shrewdness and sagacity, and certainly owes to me alone, the first symptom of recovery. It was I, who on the approaching paroxysm of fever, counselled her to leave her bed, and (weather permitting) to walk out for the benefit of air and exercise. To this prescription she meekly submitted, and leaning on my arm, persisted in the laudable exertion till she sunk down exhausted with weakness and fatigue. You will imagine my trepidation at this unlooked for consequence ; but the fever, like

a generous foe, had too much consideration to put me to open shame on my first trial of medical skill, and was graciously pleased to go away. The panic I felt on the occasion, has however inspired me with abhorrence for death, whom I can now conceive to surpass in ugliness even *your* poetical description of his ghastly figure. Assuredly, my dear Gleim, the king of terrors must be a sorry wretch to have the heart to enlist against our poor afflicted human race. I am really vexed you should ever have pledged him to drink with you in brotherly fellowship. Churl that he is! rather than so waste the precious wine, I would dash the bowl against his hideous visage! Is it not cruel to sever youths and maidens at the moment when they would rush into each other's arms? Is it not abominable to drag the poet from his pen at the crisis of inspiration, when concord is just established between sense and sound, and a thousand experiments rewarded with the discovery of a felicitous rhyme?

On observing what objects are selected by his malice, I am convinced that death has as little sense as feeling, and am amazed that any reasonable beings can wish for his society. May he but spare my friends! You will not doubt you are included in this aspiration. Oh! how I love you! I have yet to see the man who in this respect could claim precedence of your Schmidt.

*Journal of the Excursion made by Klopstock, Schuld-
hess and Sulzer to Zurich, addressed to Rabener,* (1)
Gellert, Rothe, at Leipsic ; to Cramer (2) and his
wife, and Schlegel, at Crellwitz ; to the Abbot of
Jerusalem at Brunswick ; to Schmidt and Fanny
at Langesalze ; to Gleim at Halberstadt ; to
Gesike (3) and Olde in Hamburgh ; to Bachmann
and the other Friends near Magdeburg.*

Quedlinburg, July 12th, 1727.

My dear Friends,

To-morrow morning, accompanied by Sulzer and Schuldhess, I shall commence my journey to Zurich and Bodmer. It forms no part of our plan to waste much time on the castles we might visit in the way, and I am resolved to avoid as much as possible the haunts of men, and to dedicate all my thoughts to my absent friends. It is my intention to commit to paper whatever occurs to my mind, and I shall impose on Schuldhess and Sulzer the same task ; but be it remembered, that the suggestion was wholly mine. I am too proud of an invention, inspired by friendship, to leave it doubtful who is the author. I will soon write to you again.

KLOPSTOCK.

* Schuldhess was a native of Zurich, and died in 1804, as pastor of Monchalthorf in Switzerland. He had been a diligent translator of the Greek classics, and was well known to the literary club in Berlin.

Gleim to the Travellers.

I am happy that it falls to me alone to reply to you in the name of so many honourable friends, and to assure you of our united wishes for your safe and pleasant journey. But I can also promise that we shall in spirit attend you over hill and vale to whatever region heaven may conduct your steps.

To you, my dearest Klopstock, I must observe, you have a vocation I am tempted to envy. You are our Envoy to the Swiss—to the nation we love and venerate, and with whom we form a kindred people. With regard to your journal, we shall be most anxious to discover in it a series of illustrious names, and if you but introduce us to such as have done honour to their age and country, we shall willingly allow you to pass over in silence the pomp of the rich and the palaces of the great. Would I too had the privilege to offer with you my homage to Bodmer.

GLEIM.

JOURNAL.

Sulzer writes.

I am too much agitated by tumultuous feelings to have any ability for description. Such is my distraction, I should be utterly unable to decide whether I most love the country I am to leave, or that to which I shall so soon approach. I have in

each friends who suspend the balance; I am one moment tempted to wish myself back, and the next ready to repine that the space is not annihilated between us. One thing alone is certain, that in my present state I am wholly incapacitated for making observations on our journey. I should, indeed, have done well not to take up the pen, for I am absolutely writing I know not what, with my thoughts confused and bewildered as in a dream.

Schuldheß writes.

The moment is at length arrived when I shall have to retrace in memory the country to which I was so anxious to be introduced, and in which I have discovered so much to excite esteem and admiration. For my journey hither I have been amply recompenced, since it has extended my acquaintance with the GREAT AND GOOD, and augmented the respect I was before disposed to cherish for men so worthy to inspire homage. I would fain hope the example of Klopstock may attract imitators, and that he will not prove the first and last of his countrymen to allow Bodmer and the Swiss the satisfaction of seeing the genius they have already learnt to love. This pleasing persuasion redoubles my delight, and to such a state of complacency am I now soothed, as to feel disposed to smile at the disasters incident to travellers, and to have lost all power to be angry.

Of this fact you will not doubt when I tell you, that nobody scolds the postillion for driving all round the district, because the first toll-gate happened not to be open ; nobody is impatient, though we have consumed two hours in staring for Klopstock's house, without once observing the tall steeple that had been so long our beacon on the road.

Klopstock writes.

Gonzenhausen, 13th July.

We set off this morning, silent and dejected, and in no humour to anticipate brilliant adventures ; but our taciturnity soon yielded to a risible impression, for suddenly the carriage stopt, and Sulzer's servant, who has imbibed his master's relish for natural history, jumped from the coach-box, opened the coach door, and half thrusting himself in, enquired with a look full of importance, " if the worm he had just picked up was good."

We passed through a village, whose inhabitants certainly merit the appellation of sages. The church-yard was planted with rose trees ; we had an inclination to drink a bottle of wine on those blooming graves, and the good people brought us so large a glass, that they seemed to know intuitively we were not water drinkers. After this potent libation, how lovely appeared to us the long track of woods through which we had

passed, and which fancy changed to delicious groves.

Sulzer writes.

There remains to record of this day's peregrination something besides the discovery of the worm, which has produced so strong an impression on our poet's fancy.

Yesterday we travelled from two in the morning till five in the afternoon, through the worst of all possible roads, without finding aught to allay thirst or hunger. Thus travel poets and scholars. This extraordinary abstinence very nearly introduced the apple of discord. We had set our hearts on seeing Gleim's native place, Elmsleben, but our view was obstructed by the tall trees planted in the vicinage. We have, however, decreed that he shall in future be called the Swan of the Selke.* Hunger will not allow me to write another line. May Providence take better care of our welfare for the future, or bestow on us the ethereal frames of Cherubim and Seraphim.

Klopstock writes.

These gentlemen talk of nothing but eating; Sulzer especially is so much absorbed in the pursuit, as to affect to be quite a novice in the art of

* The Selke, an inconsiderable river in the district of Halberstadt.

drinking; but I recollect that one of the fair residents of the happy island, a lovely girl, presented him with a bottle of Hermitage, which he emptied as a libation on the rose-decked church-yard. But not one syllable of this does he mention; observe too, he had in common with us, a glimpse of poor Gleim's birth place, which lies at the foot of a Saxon Alps, and really is a very pretty little hamlet.

From Klopstock to Fanny and Schmidt.

Erfurt, 14th, ten o'clock.

I arrived this morning within a few miles of your residence. I gazed on the horizon that bounded your view. I beheld the same clouds—how willingly would I have approached your habitation. But Sulzer, who for the present is the lord of my destiny, would allow me but two hours leave of absence. Such a meeting would only be a prolonged parting. I did not fail to remember you in my orisons, and many were the tender aspirations I breathed towards your dwelling. Did the winds bear them to you, or were they all wafted to the Gods? Methinks a soft mysterious breeze must at least have whispered our approach. Go, Fanny, if you listened to the murmur—go once more crown the Apollo in the garden of your friend Weiss, and whilst you are performing that sacred office, I will in fancy gaze on the terrace from

whence but two years before, I saw with you the procession of the Saint, whilst you stood under the beautiful hawthorn, whose luxuriant blossoms diffused ineffable fragrance.

Sulzer writes.

A false accusation on my honour—willingly would I have prolonged my absence another day, from my native country and nearest friends, to have had the privilege of seeing Schmidt, and still more to have seen his sister, so well known as the soul-subduing maid; but Klopstock was not to be satisfied with less than two days, and he even intimated, that when properly indulged, he might be tempted to requite the indulgence by desertion. To say the truth, he was so far from imitating the firmness of Ulysses, that he would neither shut himself into our carriage, nor allow us to bind him. For my own exculpation, I must however add, that after he had remained a full half hour in deep cogitation, he suddenly started, like one roused from a dream, and exclaimed in a tender, plaintive voice, “No, not now thither.” So Cesar looked when he cried, “*Jacta est Alea;*” with this trifling difference, however, that Cesar, in trials of the heart, was no Klopstock.

Though not permitted to meet you, we seemed to have a lively impression of all your movements.

Now she is risen—said we. Yes—by this time Schmidt has taken his accustomed place, and is reading to his sister. We are interrupted.

Klopstock writes.

15th, Radach, two miles from Coburgh,
four in the afternoon.

No one thinks of writing but myself. I may well claim the merit of having invented this friendly art of journalizing, since I alone, tired as I must be, am unremitted in exertions for its preservation.

How gladly, in the short interval allotted to me, would I communicate some of those thoughts with which I marked my respective friends on passing through the poetical region we have just quitted. In our road from Armstadt, behind Erfurt, we constantly beheld forests of pine and fir, sweetly intermingled with Elysian vallies. Our Swiss companions, in an ecstasy of delight, bestowed on these delightful regions the beloved name of Alps; and on our happening to halt in the vale to take some milk from a hospitable shepherdess, actually fancied themselves restored to the land of their fathers. This kind hearted cottager had a lonely dwelling at the foot of a wooded cliff; and there all her children, a troop of wild laughing boys and girls, were gaily assembled. I am too much tired to pursue my description of the

scene, but pledge myself at some future time to name the place where, gazing on a distant eminence, which appeared under a canopy of crimson clouds, whose glowing tints were reflected on the sable fir wood, I beheld the visions of my dearest friends.

Schuldhess writes.

I am as much exhausted as Klopstock can be, and with more reason, not having indulged in the same repose; and yet I engage to write more than he has done. Apropos of his inordinate propensity to sleep, (which appears to me to argue something preternatural,) of the four and twenty hours which compose the day in our latitudes, he dozes sixteen and a half! I suspect, indeed, this apparent drowsiness is but the disguise for waking dreams, and that when he shuts his eyes, and drops his head on one shoulder, it is purely to have the satisfaction of brooding on his own thoughts without interruption. Oh! thoughts Klopstockean, why are ye not audible? But enough of complaint, proceed we on our journey.

Since we left Erfurt, which was yesterday at noon, we have had a constant succession of hills and vallies, and with these were too much transported to have leisure to reflect, that we were every moment on the very brink of destruction. Often were we in jeopardy from the water which

rushed into our carriage, and often were we on the edge of a precipice, where a single false step in our horses must inevitably have plunged us into the abyss beneath. That we so happily escaped, is perhaps owing to the interest you have taken in our preservation; it was your prayers that prevailed—we are not so holy as to have obtained by our own merits such special favour and protection. Yet to the terrors of our situation we were scarcely sensible, so completely was the sense of danger, and every faculty absorbed in contemplating the incomparable beauties of the surrounding scenery.

How often did we wish you with us to partake our transports. I regretted your absence most at the mill, where seated on a wheelbarrow, we had such a banquet of sour milk, as neither Lucullus nor Cleopatra ever equalled: the milk was to our taste Nectar and Ambrosia, and our sublime bard sufficiently evinced that he was not incapable of descending to terrestrial cares; he rinsed out the bowl with great glee, and in performing this office, discovered as much genius as he has shewn in the composition of his poems. Whilst we rested at this spot, we saw here and there, the inhabitants of our Saxon Arcadia busied in hay-making; many loving couples were lightening each other's labours: the old basking in the sun, the young reposing in the shade: would we had but time

to describe all we have thought and felt ; had you been with us, I should have urged with more zeal a proposal to purchase one of these delicious valleys for our residence, and lay the foundations of a new world. Were this idea realized, we might certainly change the earth into a perfect paradise.

From this slight sketch of our tour, you will not doubt, we have had much enjoyment since yesterday : but, were you in your turn to question those we have met on the road, you would certainly hear us described as poor bemazed travellers, who had lost their senses. Such at least was the impression left on those who beheld us in our equipage during our late breakfast. To this breakfast appends a comic tale, of which nothing must be premised at present. The postillion blows his horn, and away for Coburg.

Schuldheß writes.

Numburg, July 17th.

Klopstock, exclusive of his poetical pretensions to the appellation, is become, in a peculiar *optical* sense, a seer. Through a smoaky window of the post house, he lately espied a sleeping maid at Baysdon, where we merely perceived a castle ; we discovered that the walls were mouldering in decay, the precise state in which, from accurate observation, we afterwards ascertained they were.

After all, it is, however, not very difficult for him to surpass two poor purblind mortals, who could not fall in love at first sight, without the aid of a telescope.

A heavy shower of rain, gave us occasion yesterday, at dinner, to speak of Gleim. It happened that our inn was called, the Golden Swan, and there fell from the roof, a stream of rain-water, as broad as the Selke; observe, this remark was made by Klopstock.

We are about to pass through a place call Gonzenhausen, where Marius, as Sulzer affirms, discovered the satellites of some planet, whose name escapes my memory; on such a spot we certainly ought to develope some of the mysteries of nature.

Klopstock writes.

Sulzer and Schuldness are going to procure me an introduction to a young lady artist, who paints flowers better than any other person in Germany; I am delighted with the idea, that such a species of excellence should belong to an individual of the other sex; it appears to me so happily appropriate to Woman, that she should possess skill in pourtraying those delicate and beautiful objects of nature, which *are fairer than Solomon in all his glory.*

I will now perform my promise of describing the scene from whence I beheld in beatific vision, the phantoms of my dear distant friends. It

was from a wooded cliff that I perceived Schmidt standing by a young fir, on which he had inscribed his name, not without the hope of attaining to coeval longevity; (be it whispered, he seriously expects to survive a hundred years). I beheld his sister gliding on a crimson cloud refulgent with the setting sun, through a young plantation of beech-trees, till lost at length, in the misty shadows of the darker wood.

Cramer and his consort next appeared, rapt in ecstasy, whilst listening to some heavenly voice that issued from a ridge of orient clouds, and whose strain was such as might have been breathed by some departed spirit, ere admitted to the communion of immortal beings.

I observed Gleim standing on the margin of a clear brook, and complaining with an air of lassitude and melancholy, that he had so long been separated from Kleist.

It was in a most delicious valley that I descried Gartner and his wife reclining on the fresh green bank, and exchanging smiles of mutual love and felicity; they were soon greeted by Gellert, whose looks were grave and frigid, whilst his soul overflowed with the tenderest affections.

Rabener sat smiling at the foot of a cliff, but could find no subject for ridicule in the simple peasants labouring in the valley—I then stole a transient glimpse of Ebert, who bounding from a hill, laid down his Pope and talked to himself of

his absent friends. Hitherto, I had not beheld Kleist, the incomparable Kleist, when suddenly I perceived in the most shady spot, a man whose mien bespoke the philanthropist, and who having listened intensely to the music of the nightingale, raised his eyes, and gazing on a beauteous vision in the distant horizon, invoked the name of Doris,

Hagedorn and Gesike, no less worthy than Hagedorn, were seen together, and supported between them, I discerned the image of true happiness, whom they had rescued from the half virtuous, half witted crowd, who had presumed to claim acquaintance with the goddess. Olde was also with them, and with one indignant glance rebuked the boldest of those intruders that ventured to pursue their steps.

I must now leave you, to pay my visit to the fair artist.

Sulzer writes.

Gonzenhausen, July 18, Six in the morning.

I have once more the pleasure of conversing with you, a privilege of which I have lately been deprived by my worthy companions, who think proper to delegate to me the task of wrangling with innkeepers, and grumbling at postillions, in which honourable vocation, you will easily conceive I have little leisure left for writing. I am at this moment sitting opposite to Klopstock, who is sipping his

coffee with as much glee as Anacreon or Hagedorn would quaff their wine. He flattered himself with the hope of commemorating his arrival by some brilliant discovery, but the fortunate moment is not yet arrived, and may perhaps be deferred till we have proceeded two miles farther, when we shall have entered Swabia, the vestibule of Switzerland.

But why so many anticipations of the future, when I have never adverted to the past? Yesterday we spent several hours at Nurnburg, where it would have been easy to collect materials for a hundred letters, and lo we collect none—so nobly did we scorn to imitate the example of ordinary travellers, in admiring the curiosities of Nurnburg, a singularity which will I trust exalt us to higher honours than if we had vied with Knysler himself in the minutiae of description.

To preserve such sedate indifference for a scene where every body else is eager and inquisitive, is no small proof of intellectual superiority. Klopstock alone explored, (having set his heart on seeing some pretty girl,) but fate decreed against his wishes; though, not finding his own eyes keen enough, he enlisted ours in his service, and we gave him a wink whenever a female coif appeared in sight—all in vain—he saw only common human faces, not one angel among them. At this, our philanthropist became troubled in mind, and departed from Nurnburg, with the

sorrowful persuasion, that it contains not a single joy.

Last night was pre-eminently beautiful, and worthy to have succeeded the most glorious day: I kept my eyes fixed on the clear cloudless heaven, through which the moon glided in serene majesty: I imagined that some of my friends must be attracted by the magnificent object; and that thus our thoughts might commingle together at the same moment; I was still indulging those delicious reflections, when lo! a crash occasioned by the breaking of one of our wheels aroused my slumbering companions, and obliged me to invoke human aid instead of pursuing any heavenly meditations.

I would fain furnish some augmentation to the honours of this town already rendered famous by the discovery of Jupiter's satellites.

Oh thou, whosoever thou mayest be, who dost preside at the birth of discovery, thou who art assuredly a heavenly muse attracted to this terrestrial sphere, inspirit my efforts, aid me with thy influence at this important moment!

But how arduous is the effort to produce novelty! Solomon said, long ago, *there is nothing new under the sun*, and what shall be attempted by a wretched traveller who has not slept and is half starved, and in addition to this, has his head com-

pletely occupied in repairing the mischief of a broken wheel?

From Klopstock.

We were disappointed in our expectations of seeing the fair artist; she had taken a walk to collect flowers to supply future studies for her pencil. We saw however her sister, who shewed me some of her performances, beautiful roses so red, so fresh, they wanted only fragrance.

This girl though grave and reserved had piercing eyes which promised something brilliant. She is herself an artist, and only inferior to her sister. The father shewed us his cabinet of natural history, where Sulzer looked at nothing but shells, and I saw only pictures. I was however the more diligent of the two, in gratifying my curiosity; and contrived to draw the maid aside, with the hopes of seeing her intelligent eyes lighted up in conversation; but no—the fair damsel from time to time dropt me a low Nurnburg curtsy, and the eyes were just as before.

From Sulzer.

Ulm, 15th July, noon.

People in general have the laudable custom of eating at this hour; we have no resource but writing to dissipate our chagrin on being compelled to

depart from the venerable example of our forefathers.

I am tempted to communicate the honourable distinction I lately acquired, at Nordlingen. The post-master at that town, an old shrewd fellow who has pondered deeply on the momentous events which have taken place in Europe, took occasion during our stay to launch out on many profound subjects ; but it was to me alone that his observations were addressed. “ *Those other gentlemen,*” said he, winking on my companions, “ *are somewhat too young to discuss such matters, but you, sir, are able to comprehend them.*”

Since these fatal words my colleagues have thought proper to impose on me the most humiliating hardships by way of retaliation. Not a menial office but falls to my lot. I have not only to scold, bawl and cater for them, but even to see the wheels greased for our journey ; so goes desert ; pity my distress ; it was surely not my fault if the sage gave me credit for having more wisdom than those gentlemen.

Klopstock writes.

Erlangen, six miles from Ulm.

When I reached this place I was smothered with dust, exhausted with fatigue, and still more completely out of humour with the very worst roads

we had hitherto encountered ; yet, at the thoughts of writing to you, I find my spirits renovated, and my chearfulness restored.

Notwithstanding the horrors of our late route, we have enjoyed the beauty of the scenery, and I am reconciled to Suabia, particularly since I discovered in a village we reached at noon, that its natives sometimes worship pleasure. Not such indeed as is the goddess of nobler minds, but yet something that accords with her communion.

It is possible the good people here may speak the Saxon language in all its purity, but this is certain, I have not hitherto exchanged with them a syllable. The costume of the women appears to me singularly grotesque ; they have a head dress, three points of which are brought down low and pointing on the forehead ; those who are tenacious of their pretensions to fashion, bring the coif over the eyes, scarcely leaving the eyelid visible. In addition to this, I have observed something pendant like an ear-ring, and great was my commiseration for a pretty blue eyed girl who was thus cruelly disfigured.

Sulzer writes.

I am sorry for Klopstock's unfavourable impression of the Suabian females, since the same objection will apply to my own countrywomen the

Swiss. With their dress indeed he has no occasion to be displeased, unless he should see them in their church-going habit, on which occasion the Gothic style is religiously preserved; when I told him of the broad band fastened to the top of the head which completely invests the neck, cheeks and chin, he objected that it might easily be slipped over the lips at the very moment the lover was expecting to steal a kiss, and very seriously asked if they always wore this repulsive ornament? it might perhaps have been so in the days of yore, but happily for us, the tyranny is now exploded.

I am interrupted every moment, and shall certainly get nothing to eat if I do not lay down the pen. Klopstock has the conscience to insist that I shall scold for my comrades during the journey; well! I shall at least have the comfort to praise one thing; for many years have I not tasted such good wholesome bread as we met with in Suabia. By this alone, might we know we were approaching Switzerland; from that point the improvement became perceptible. Every thing is better here than in Franconia, nature and man participate in the amelioration.

But I am now suffering so severely from the jolts of yesterday, that I can scarcely sit to hold

the pen—farewell then, till we shall have reached the fields of peace and freedom, which we hope to do to-morrow evening.

Klopstock writes.

Messkirchen, six miles this side of Scaffhausen,
July 20th, 2 o'clock.

It was from an eminence within a mile of this spot, that the Swiss gentlemen first descried two of the Alps, at which they were thrown into transports, such as sailors express on the first sight of land; nothing could be grander than the abrupt appearance of those Appenzelles glittering like silvery clouds, yet evidently more than clouds in the distant horizon. I at first pretended to fancy they were purely aerial mists, but I did this to revenge the slights they had offered to our own Suabia, whose pine-crowned cliffs and delicious vallies were all disparaged at the mention of their Alps.

I shall ere long, have a nearer view of these stupendous summits; I shall soon commune with the virtuous men who dwell in the vales beneath; I hail you even here, my amiable unseen friends; you whom I hasten to meet under the lengthening shadows cast from every cloud-capt mountain.

In continuation.

Schaffhausen, 21, 8 in the morning.

We were yesterday present at a wedding festival and saw the Suabian damsels dance, and caroused with the swains till we were almost too merry. We again beheld the Alps more distinctly than before, the full moon accompanied us the whole night through a fine rich sylvan country.

We have this morning often had a glimpse of the Rhine as it flows softly through the woods. The vine-covered hills encircle the town, and you may imagine they were not viewed with indifference by those who know the joys of wine. On the bridge of the Rhine we descried with rapture this land of promise. We have crossed the bridge and are now hastening to see the falls of the Rhine. I have pledged myself to the nymphs of that majestic river to drink wine on their banks, and shall not fail to perform the libation.

The Falls of the Rhine:

What a sublime image of the creation does this cataract present! all powers of description are here baffled, such an object can only be seen, and heard and contemplated.

Hail, oh! thou magnificent stream now thundering from the heights above, and thou who hast caused the stream to pour forth that awful sound,

oh creator, be thou thrice blest, thrice hallowed !
Here, stretched on this verdant terrace, in sight of
the stupendous torrent, in the sound of its rushing
waters, I salute you all, my near and distant
friends.

Above all, I salute thee, thou land of heroes,
on whose holy earth I shall soon imprint my steps !
oh that I could gather to this spot all the objects
of my affection, that I could unite them to enjoy
with me these miracles of nature ! on this spot
would I spend my days and close my eyes, for
it is lovely !

I have no words by which to paint my feelings,
I can only think of the friends who are absent ;
I can form but the wish to draw them all
into one circle, and to dwell with them here
for ever.

Klopstock to Bodmer.

Bilach, 4 o'clock.

Arrived at length in your vicinity, I have no
motive for writing, but the necessity of beguiling
my impatience during the interval that must yet
elapse before we can have any personal communication.
I am gratified by having an opportunity
to mention previous to our interview, that I observed
in this neighbourhood a scene corresponding
in features with the country in which I in-

dulged my fancy with the idea that I beheld the phantoms of my absent friends. I had begun a sketch of this fantastic vision at Nurnburg, but was interrupted before I could finish it. I am now glad that this happened, since it will be so pleasing to talk to you of all I should otherwise have written—and the Abbot of Jerusalem appeared to me in heavenly glory ; when we meet, I pledge myself to prove to you that these two illustrious men have scarcely an equal.

From the same.

Zurich, July 25.

I have already spent here several days, and have at length had the delight to behold, for the first time in my life, that most respected man, before whose image there was always a cloud interposed, when I contemplated him as an unknown incomparable friend whom I should never meet face to face in this world.

Since my arrival, I have been constantly in the full tide of enjoyment ; what happiness to become acquainted with so many noble minded men, and to believe that they all regard me with affection ! nor, let me forget the minor pleasures that are offered to my gratification, in the beautiful scenery to whose charms I am so feelingly alive, the congenial spirit that prevails in society,

the gaiety so sweetly mingled with serenity—that simplicity of manners—that unreserved frankness in conversation.

When I think of these, and of all the happiness I have already tasted, and of all that awaits me in anticipation, my soul overflows with gratitude, and I surrender every feeling to the consciousness of delight; yet is all this endeared to me by the conviction that you, my dear compatriots, and you, my sweet female friends, feel with me and fully share in all my emotions.

Sulzer and Schuldness are gone to Winterthur. I am soon to join a party who are to make an excursion thither and attend them back to Zurich. We shall embrace that opportunity to sail on the Zuydersee, and to visit Riggi, one of the snowy mountains, on whose summit we shall tower above the clouds, and hear the tempests thunder at our feet.

The letters we have sent you are the genuine letters of friendship, they are intended for your participation, and if in reading them, you recollect under what circumstances they were written, you will not fail to find excuses for their defects and to allow them every claim on your indulgence.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER X.

Klopstock to Schmidt.

Winterthur, Thursday.

I am now sojourning here with Sulzer and Schuldness, on a visit to Waser and Runzli; the two former are to accompany me back to Zurich. Bodmer is also of our party, but I steal from them all an early morning hour to write to you.

I could find much to communicate, but for the present will confine myself to our excursion on the Zuyder, with which I was highly gratified. I know not indeed when I have enjoyed such a succession of lively natural pleasures, as this delicious day afforded. The party, sixteen in number, was composed of persons of both sexes; an unusual circumstance, since it is here customary for the young ladies to exchange visits with each other, but not to enter into general society. I felt it as no trifling compliment, that on my account this custom was overruled, and such an agreeable addition to the party admitted.

We embarked at five in the morning, (in the largest vessel the pleasure afforded) on the lake, whose clear green expanse presents a surface smooth as glass, unruffled with a wave; on each side rise sloping banks, fringed with vineyards, country

villas and pleasure grounds often interposing between them, whilst at every bend of the lake appears some Alpine summit which shuts in the horizon : all in all, I have certainly never beheld so lovely a landscape.

We had proceeded during one hour, when we landed to breakfast at a villa close to the water's edge ; here the company divided into smaller coteries, who thus came insensibly to enjoy the privilege of social intercourse. Hirzel's wife, a young woman, with speaking blue eyes, who sings Haller's Doris with incomparable pathos, was the queen of the party, and I of course as occupying the post of honour was expected to be her loyal knight. Unfortunately for the credit of my fidelity, there was in our party a Miss Schinz, (the sister of a very agreeable young man who was also present) a black eyed girl, who was the youngest and the prettiest of the group : at the first glance my heart beat with emotion, for I saw in her the exact counterpart of the girl who in her thirteenth year, had pledged herself to be mine. It is not necessary to relate to you this story, though to say the truth, I told the tale, and much more than I would now be at the trouble to repeat to my new little friend, who listening with the guileless innocence of seventeen, (yet half afraid to listen) trembling to be thus addressed on a subject so new to

her bashful inexperience—above all, to be thus addressed by me—at first cast down her lovely black eyes, with the sweetest and most touching expression of reverence, and then kindling with enthusiasm, unexpectedly gave utterance to some lofty sentiments, and at length in an attitude of impassioned devotion, exclaimed, “you may imagine how highly I revere the bard by whom I “ was first taught to form just conceptions of the “ Deity !”

At noon we landed at another villa near Zurich ; we returned to our bark and were again rowed on the lake till we came to a beautiful little island covered with wood, where we made our longest station, and in the evening partook of a grateful repast on the beach. On returning to the lake, I gave a flagrant proof of infidelity to Madame Hirzel, by handing Miss Schinz instead of her to the boat ; we continued repeatedly to land on the coast and to enjoy the beauty of a serene evening. Mad. Muralt of the family so celebrated by that name, is the next lady under whose auspices I shall be admitted to a female party.

I have often read to the damsels here your Apotheosis, and, 'as you may easily imagine, they are all impatient to hear more of your verses. Send me what you please, the girls like you next to me ; remember who has made them do so.

LETTER XI.

Schmidt to Klopstock.

Langesalze.

I am angry with you, angry in good earnest; how dare you distrust my affection, atheist; shall nothing be sacred enough to defy your calumny? It is truly a pretty letter I have received from you.*

To announce to a man like me, a man so guileless, so susceptible, so easily depressed, that a certain agreeable party had enjoyed pleasure in my absence, nay evidently, in consequence of my absence—it is cruel, abominable, unpardonable. Pray bear in mind this transgression, when from your own wicked suggestions, you venture to reproach me with having ceased to love you; my attachment is, indeed, rather to be considered as a habit rooted in my nature than an affection to be traced in remembrance, and in reality is a truism as little to be controverted as that *I* have felt the pangs of love, or *you* the inspiration of the muses. Compose yourself on this subject, my little Klopstock; I am bound to you by a thousand ties; to say nothing of the rest, observe how much

* It does not appear to which of Klopstock's letters this could have been an answer.

my pride is interested in the preservation of our union. Has not the fame of our mutual friendship gone through the ten circles of Germany? are we not likely to become as proverbial as the fabulous Pylades, and his equally true Orestes? or to draw a parallel more to my taste, shall we not vie with Nisus and Euryalus? Is not the description of the latter enchanting?

“Euryalus forma insignis, viridique juventâ.”

Euryalus in his first blooming years.

I leave you to make your choice between the names of these two heroes; only this I know, that I can never be identified with the elegant Nisus.

My sister is at present somewhat indisposed.—A-propos, we were lately speaking of you; upon which occasion my mother as usual pronounced some pithy axiom of prudence on matrimony, and lo, tears came into my sister's eyes—what say you to this, Klopstock?

LETTER XII.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Langesalze, August 14.

Whether to suppose it is your General chapter, or that you have fallen in love, I know not, but

take it for granted that one or the other of these important events must have occurred to prevent your writing, for you surely have not now to learn, that your letters form the best if not the only solace of my solitude. *Of your solitude!* I hear you exclaim; what, surrounded as you are, by female friends, will you venture to complain of solitude? yes, my dear friend, your conclusion is perfectly natural, and yet, true it is, that no Anchoret, not even excepting brother Philip in la Fontaine, who occupies a dreary cell, has more lonely hours than myself. The girls to whom I have daily access are all destitute of attractions to win my heart, they are easily known and might perhaps be too easily won. Were I to select an object, I should have like Pygmalion to implore the gods to animate the statue, before my vows could be accomplished.

I have already confessed to you, that in my feelings for the sex, I observe no medium, and must either love or hate with vehemence; to escape from uncompanionable society I should readily take refuge in solitude, and to this indeed I am now so much accustomed, that it is rather to be classed with my duties than my pleasures; I have no longer the same delight in taking a lonely walk or seeking a favourite retirement to indulge in poetical meditation. Solitude is im-

posed as a daily regimen, and obviously ceases to be a luxury.

No, I have no resources but in my sister, and my correspondents ; with regard to the first, you must be sensible that we lose with a sister many of those subjects of conversation we enjoy with a male friend, or with any other individual of the softer sex. I cannot always read, and for letter-writing I lose my relish, because I am constantly left without a partner in the correspondence ; there are moments when a single line from your pen would operate on my spirits like the *Deus ex Machina*,—oh ! why will you deny yourself the pleasure of working a miracle for your friend ?

Consider not this, my dear Gleim, as the language of recrimination or reproach. I am perfectly aware you cannot always discharge yourself from business, and that six letters from me would but balance one from you. I believe you would smile to see me on a post day, at the window, standing with eyes sparkling with impatience, wistfully looking for the dear expected letter, like the matron in Horace,

“ *Votis omnibus que et precibus voco,*

“ *Curvo nec moveo littore lumina.*”

“ Anxious she listens to the roar

“ Of winds that loudly sweep the sky,

“ Nor fearful from the winding shore,

“ Can ever turn her longing eye.”

FRANCIS'S HORACE.

You have undoubtedly heard that Klopstock is invited to Copenhagen, by the King of Denmark, who offers him a premium of four hundred dollars, a liberality for which he is indebted to Count Bernstorff. I partake your satisfaction on this occasion, yet how is it embittered by the reflection that it must be purchased by Klopstock's absence—even this unwelcome conviction however, did not prevent my pouring out libations to his honour and prosperity, till my head at least was light if my heart was heavy.

I yesterday received a letter from Zurich, which I transmit for your perusal.—Klopstock is enjoying himself like a youth, and probably casts but few looks of regret to our side of the Alps; he is every where courted and caressed, the girls consider him as a prophet sent from heaven, and he attracts as many glances as Mahomet's tomb at Medina. If he was disposed to introduce a sect, all the female world would be proselyted to his doctrine.

What will you say to the shy little Schinz and of her interesting timid attitude, when addressed by Klopstock, with his half spiritual, half friendly gallantry?

I have a lively image of her in my mind's eye.

“ *Essa inchinollo riverente, et poi,*

“ *Vergogno setta non facea parola.*”

What is become of that son of the Gods, Kleist? Where is Ramler? Above all, where are you?

LETTER XIII.

Klopstock, the Father, to Gleim.

Quedlinburgh, September 6.

Yes, I consent, that my beloved Frederic shall go whither the voice of God directs him. Not that it costs me but little to endure the separation, nor that I am disposed to contemplate through a magnifying glass, the first indications of good fortune. But I was struck with those words in Count Bernstorff's letter, intimating that this was only the earnest of future favour.

By what means has the cordial good will, and the efforts, by which it is manifested, been awakened in the north-west? The sons of song live not on pure air. My son has still many difficulties to overcome in the completion of his work. In future, he must chuse between God and man, and either do violence to his own conscience, or openly and manfully pronounce judgment against those scoffers who will not perceive the necessity of a mediator, and consequently refuse the honour due to his name.

But how many are there who have formed on this awful subject the most vague and childish, and even idiotic conceptions? and how therefore does it behove him to treat it with all the reverence suitable to its sacred character.*

LETTER XIV.

Klopstock to Fanny.

Zurich, September 10.

You no longer write, my beloved cousin; you appear to have completely forgotten me. Among the various pleasures that are here presented to my acceptance, I am often at a loss to make my choice; but how infinitely could you increase my capacities for enjoyment; how easily might you transmit one little letter, and with it the only passport I ask for happiness. If you persist in silence I must lose my relish, even of the blessings showered on my existence.

Independent of the pleasures arising from fine scenery and select society, excursions on the lake, and rambles to the mountains, I have, since my arrival, received satisfaction from circum-

* The English reader should be apprized that the elder Klopstock's letters could not be divested of their native quaintness.

stances, to which I will not suspect you can be wholly indifferent.

I have acquired two new friends in the King of Denmark and a young merchant; the former promises me a yearly pension of four hundred dollars to finish the Messiah, a liberality for which I am solely indebted to two of his ministers, who are courtiers of no common cast, the Baron Bernstorff and the Count Moltka.

It appears probable that this salary may be increased, and that I shall not be required to fix my residence in Copenhagen; how happy should I feel in being thus enabled to finish the Messiah at my leisure, if I was not (as you too well know) so unhappy in love!

You may perhaps have some curiosity to know my other friend, the merchant. He had, some years ago, the ingenuity to discover a new art of painting on white satin, an invention which had long been an object of research to the French and English manufacturers. The colours are so beautiful, that at the first glance the specimens are commonly mistaken for painting; there are so many nice processes, included in the art, and so many subdivisions of labour among the various artizans, to whom the principle of their combination is unknown, that any surreptitious imitation is almost impossible, and there is consequently no reason to

apprehend that the original inventor shall be supplanted with the public.

This ingenious man displays exquisite taste in designing the patterns, a task for which he is peculiarly qualified by his knowledge of the fine arts, which in imitation of the British manufacturers he has studied with diligence and success. Our noble-minded merchant insists that I shall share in all the emoluments of the speculation, without taking any part in his own personal labours. He only stipulates, that he shall, from time to time communicate to me the results of the new processes in which he is engaged, and refer to my opinion on the general management of the concern, a subject which requires no technical knowledge, and to which nothing more is requisite than a clear head and a prompt judgment. Yet, though profuse in his offers of service, so delicate, so disinterested is his friendship, that he does not even hint at my becoming a resident of this place, and is too zealous for my best and noblest interests, to wish to influence my movements.

I must certainly remain here this winter ; but in the spring I shall proceed to Copenhagen, to present to the King, the Messiah. Should the commercial enterprize fall to the ground, (a contingency on which we shall soon be able to pronounce decisively,) I shall then have made but

a mercantile tour, and extended my acquaintance with men and nature.

Of our speculation, we shall soon obtain satisfactory intelligence, as Spain alone might afford a large demand for the fabric. The Spanish traders would find it advantageous to export the silk to the colonies in South America, where it cannot surely fail to become acceptable to Indian taste. At present the business is negociated through the medium of the Spanish envoy in Solothurn. You may perhaps have heard, that the reigning prince has evinced peculiar solicitude for the encouragement of trade in his dominions, and as our plan is calculated to increase the consumption of Spanish silks, it is not improbable that his Majesty will be disposed to promote its success.

I perceive I have rambled to various subjects and should have to begin again if I attempted to give you any details of the invention; but as a specimen would be infinitely more satisfactory, I shall hope to transmit to you some patterns by a merchant who is going to Leipsic.

I know you will not rebuke my seriousness, if in retracing the events of my life I refer with gratitude to the gracious protection of heaven; were this but the history of some person you had never seen, you would rejoice in his success, and feel grateful for the blessings dispensed to a stranger.—

But, gracious providence, may I yet ask thee for the dearest gift that this or any world has to bestow? Unworthy as I am, may I but ask for Fanny to be mine?

I can say no more—my best, my ever beloved Schmidt.

Think of all I have suffered, of the ardour of that passion, which has already lasted years, and which, if you still remain obdurate, must devote my future days to hopeless misery—remember me to your mother, so deservedly the object of your filial reverence, and to your brother, the wicked Schmidt, who has not yet favoured me with a single line, and to whom I have not now time to write.

LETTER XV.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Langesalze.

Am I then really separated from you, and is it only a dream that I fancy myself seated in your large hall and anxiously counting the moments, till (business dispatched) I shall see you descend from the august upper chamber, and once more be all mine own? Your image still flits before mine eyes—I still gaze on that dear half-roguish, half-

tender smile, that blends with looks which so happily belong to Gleim.

But hold, I must here make a pause, to introduce the verses* which accompany this letter—I had begun on another sheet, not intending that the comparison should exceed ten or twelve verses, but who can resist the current? In the ardour of inspiration I missed my way, traversed, and retraversed the subject, and lo! before I ever dreamt of the thing, my new ode had overspread a whole sheet.

“*Omnia pontus erant, deerant quoque littora ponto.*”

My favourite dream that I am at Halberstadt, still continues, and I would fain not part from the illusion. But then, what can I do with my sister's figure, as she stands before my desiring eyes? By what address shall I contrive to overlook the opposite church which has no more resemblance to your lofty dome, than I to Homer?

Then I have so long to wait for your re-appearance, that I am forced at length to confess I am not in Halberstadt.

Oh! my dearest Gleim, what would I not give to penetrate your secret sentiments respecting me, and how willingly would I persuade myself

* A poem called Anacreon's Apotheosis, in which a comparison is introduced highly complimentary to Gleim.

that in knowing me better, you did not like me less !

I spent yesterday evening with my sister in a sweet solitary garden, where I read to her Thomson's Spring. It appears to me that Thomson's poetry is more imbued with feeling than even that of Kleist, who is almost too fine a painter, and exhausts the mind by constant demands on its attention.

Thomson's sentiments and descriptions are more domestic, more appropriate to himself, and his bounded landscape ; he has more feeling in unfolding them, and is careful on every occasion to suffer his own individual feelings to escape, which he has the skill to interweave with subjects of a more general nature. Kleist, on the contrary, often presents his pictures too rapidly to the reader ; his transitions are abrupt—he uses no economy in the distribution of his ideas, and observes no gradations in the succession of his subjects. He has one charge, and pours forth his soul at once.

It should seem that the Briton gives more character to every object. My opinions may be rashly formed, but such as they are, I impart them to you with the persuasion that even my vagrant thoughts should be sheltered in your bosom.—Condemn me if I am wrong, and I will revise the judgment.

My sister scolds because I brought no poem from you; this girl is somewhat better than Klopstock is aware of.

Embrace him for me, and have the generosity not to rob me of the first place in his affections, an usurpation that I am fully sensible is in your own power.

LETTER XVI.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Langesalze, 12th.

I have always supposed it was as easy for you to perform a noble action, as it was for me to expect it of you. How then happens it that you are not at Langesalze? Why do you now take so much time to form a resolution, when on any other occasion you are so rapid in your movements, that thought and action should seem to be the effort of the same moment?—Congreve says of a hero,

“ if he speak,
“ 'Tis scarce a word—as he was born
“ Alone to do—and did disdain to talk.”

How do I wish this character could be applied to you in the present instance. The first part you have indeed amply verified, so you have only to

realize the other by popping in on us unexpectedly, to make the resemblance complete.

I am charmed with the journalising triumvirate.* However wearied or exhausted by his journey Klopstock still shines as much as if he was in the classical academy. In every situation his genius is equally transcendant as nature is equally complete in the least or greatest of her productions. His visions are so beautiful, that it might have been supposed he was reclining on a silken couch when he created them.

I rejoice on your account, and perhaps on my own, that Cramer is arrived in your neighbourhood.

I perfectly agree, that Klopstock ought not to settle at Copenhagen, where he appears to be anxiously expected, for so poor a consideration as four hundred dollars; he must move from place to place, and have the privilege of spending his little stipend, when, and where he pleases.

And now let me address you on a subject which you cannot think unworthy of your attention. You may remember I spoke to you, when at Halberstadt, of two Runic odes I had met with in Temple's Essays on Heroic Virtue, where they are inserted in an extract from Olaus Wormius.

* Journal of Klopstock and his Swiss companions.

To do justice to their merit, it is necessary to give you an idea of the Scythian religion, descended from which are all the old traditions.

Their principal deities were Odin and Frea, and their son Othin. They believed that immortal honours awaited the hero, who, during his human existence had never turned his back on the foe, and performed the most splendid acts of valour. They maintained, that for such warriors a recompence was reserved in Odin's palace, where they should partake of a succession of feasts, and be distinguished in proportion to the number they had slain in battle.—Lucan has said of this people,

- " Certe populi quos despicit Aretos
- " Felices errore suo, quos ille timorum
- " Maximus haud urget Lethi metus, inde ruendi,
- " In Ferum mens prona viris, animæque capaces,
- " Mortis et ignarum redditure parcere vitæ."*

From the second ode I shrewdly suspect these beatified heroes were also indulged with the society of beautiful damsels, (not unlike the Turkish houris,) who were called the Dysas, and who certainly must have formed no small part of the bliss of Paradise.

The poets of that age (the bards) eminently excelled in the sublime themes of Runic songs, and

* See the translation at the end of the volume.

appear to have been unrivalled masters in the art of inflaming the nobler passions, which was the great object of their compositions. Cesar observes, that from the commencement of the battle, it is the office of the bard, to inspire the youth with heroism and a magnanimous contempt of death. Pope has happily characterised the influence of such compositions on the youthful mind, in the following lines,

“ And youths that died to be by poets sung.”

The two following poems are attributed to a prince who was called Lodbrog, and who like David, was at once a hero and a bard; he composed the last song a few moments before his death, when the poisoned serpent, by which he had been stung was rankling in his bosom.

Temple says he is greatly mistaken, if the true Pindaric spirit prevail not in these odes, and I am persuaded you will cordially subscribe to the opinion.—I send them both with a German imitation.

STANZA 25.—In Olai Collectione Carminorum.

“ Pugnavimus ensibus,
Hoc ridere me facit semper,
Quod Balderi fratris seamna
Parata scio in aula!

Bibimus vina.

Ex concavis crateribus craniorum!

“ Non gemit vir fortis contra mortem
 Magnificis Odini in domibus
 Non venis desperabundis
 Verbis Othini ad aulam”——

“ We fought with swords—I am still full of joy
 Whenever I think that a banquet is preparing for me
 In the palace of the gods—soon, soon,
 In the splendid abode of Odin, we shall drink beer
 Out of the scull of our enemies—A brave man
 Shrinks not at death—I shall use no words,
 Expressive of fear, as I enter the hall of Odin.”

STANZA 29.

“ Fert animus finire
 Invitant me Dysæ
 Quas ex Odini aula
 Othinus mihi misit
 Laetus vina cum Aris,
 In summa sede bibam
 Vitæ elapsæ sunt horæ
 Ridens moriar.”

“ But it is time to cease—Odin hath sent
 His goddesses the Dysas to conduct me to his palace,
 I am going to be placed on the highest seat,
 There to quaff goblets with the gods
 The hours of life are rolled away—I shall die laughing.”*

Would you also die laughing, dear Gleim?

* The poem from which these songs are extracted is of considerable length, and may be found, with the English translation, which has been here adopted, in Mallet's Northern Antiquities.

LETTER XVII.

Fanny to Gleim.

Langesalze, September 29, 1750.

Indebted as I have been for pleasure, to the good fortune which gave me an opportunity of seeing you at Leipsic; I cannot but be seriously disposed to quarrel with *any thing* and *every thing* that impedes your visit to Langesalze. Yet, whom have we to accuse, and to what evil agent are we to impute the disappointment?

Not the poor deceased Canon who sleeps in his grave too quietly to have any share in the present procrastination. I fear if we must seek an object for our spleen, we shall find no other than yourself to whose want of zeal alone we can ascribe the exaggeration of every trifling difficulty.

But, pray consider ere it be too late, how much you will have to answer for, in having destroyed the charming perspective my brother had sketched in fancy of your arrival. Beware how you rouse his anger, and let me forewarn you, I should but waste my breath in essaying to mollify his wrath; for as his joy was without measure, he is likely to be as immoderate in his resentments. Consider too, he would have some reason to complain, if all

our deep important deliberations should end in vexation and disappointment.

Such a contest as there has been between us, what pleasure we should first partake with you, or what we should reserve for the highest treat, when in reality, the greatest of all pleasures would have been to see you at Langesalze! You may also rest assured, that if he meditate any dire purposes of revenge, I shall not fail to aid him with my best counsels and cordial support, since I also shall have been an incalculable loser by the breach of fidelity.

I should, for instance, have learnt from you, fully to comprehend the beauty and character of the Anacreontic ode, and consequently have been more competent to appreciate your sportive songs, of which we soon expect a considerable collection. I should then have had the courage to avow what poems had failed to please me, and perhaps have learnt from you to assign a cause for the pleasure or dissatisfaction I had previously experienced. I should —

In short, (to sum up all at once) I should have convinced you how much I am your's.

LETTER XVIII.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Having once fixed the day for your departure, you were under a sacred obligation to perform your engagement. Where is all the joy I had anticipated from your arrival? What shall compensate for the pleasure with which I should have presented you as my friend to all my neighbours, with the conviction that my own consequence was so proudly augmented by your's? With what transports should I have conducted you to my most retired walks, my favourite haunts, the very sanctuary of meditation, which Klopstock and myself have both consecrated by poetry, and where I often wander alone to muse on him and you.

Then you should have seen the graves of my forefathers, whom you would have honoured for the sake of their *virtuous son*, and lastly, you should have approached my birth place, where, if you will believe it, the nocturnal warbler is still heard to chaunt her melodious songs.

I have for sometime known, that Klopstock would remain stationary at Zurich this winter. Sulzer, I doubt not, apprized you of his new friend Kahn, and the liberal offers he had received from that quarter. Who could have dreamt of Klopstock's

becoming a merchant? None but poets are permitted to perform such miracles.

Klopstock's odes are incomparable—nothing surprises me so much as that a man so susceptible of love, and so capable of describing those delicious transports which produce in his soul a sort of permanent delirium, has hitherto failed to excite any correspondent emotions.

I have seen the new edition of your odes with delight, particularly the essay on Anacreontic Poetry, a subject to which no one is so competent as yourself, who were, indeed, my first master. But must Doris die? * I would rather advise you to let her live, for should the fraud be detected, no other maid will trust you, and it may be shrewdly surmised, that you were unfaithful to Doris first, and then contrived her death, purely to conceal your own infidelity.

LETTER XIX.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Zurich, 8th October.

I have just received your letter, and am not a little struck by the manner in which you allude to

* Doris was a fictitious personage, often introduced in Gleim's poem.

the number of my *many new and excellent friends* ; and you even intimate a doubt, whether you continue to hold the same place in my heart.

There are two truths, of which I am equally certain, that my affection for you is undiminished, and that the number of those with whom I live on similar terms of intimacy and endearment, can never be much augmented. There is Schuldness, whom I truly know ; there is Kahn, whom I may some day introduce to you ; there is his venerable father, no less virtuous than himself : these are the only friends I have ever classed with Gleim, Schmidt, Cramer, and Schlegel. You are, however, well aware that the laws of courtesy forbid me to repel with churlish reserve, the kind and amiable attention of this most hospitable people ; but be assured, my dear Gleim, I am as little formed to seek as to acquire new friends.

I am ignorant of what Sulzer may have said on the subject, but beg you would immediately transmit whatever particulars he communicated. Breitinger, indeed, is a man who *thinks*, and with whom I am not unwilling to exchange thoughts.

Do not envy these republicans ; they are almost all sordid, *time-serving* people, men of vulgar ambition, who crouch for interest, and are all anxious for preferment. Those who make pretensions to family, chuse to go into the army, and are looking to patronage and place.

As to Bodmer, even to you, my Gleim, I will here preserve silence.—I have adopted a system of magnanimous forbearance, from which nothing but absolute necessity shall induce me to deviate.

Schuldhess is attached to a lovely girl, with whom I am as intimate as with himself and Kahn. I am but just returned from their residence, where I have spent many delightful days in their society. She is pretty, (at least to please my fancy,) is archly playful, has some talents for satire, an exquisite vein of raillery, and above all a soul of the higher order.

What is become of Schmidt and his sister? I have received no letters from either. Be reconciled to me, dearest Gleim. Your last letter had not its wonted tone of kindness. I have important reasons for remaining here this winter, as in that interval many things may occur connected with the future partnership.

LETTER XX.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Have you not received my last two letters, or has my sister's billet failed to reach you? I am not unwilling to wave my own claims as a correspondent, but your leaving unnoticed a lady's

letter, is a sin against gallantry, that admits of no excuse; and I am tempted, by way of reprizal, to pretend she was merely my amanuensis, and that I employed the contrivance to extort from you an early answer.

Do not ask what I am doing, lest I should be forced to own, I have nothing to do. My soul languishes for society, deprived of whose vivifying influence, it burns as dimly as a lamp on an old Roman grave. I know not who has seen a genuine smile on my countenance during the last half year. Laugh I may, and often.—But with that the soul has nothing to do.—Even the Muses are estranged, and no longer admit me to their wonted confidence, actuated, perhaps, by the coquetish spirit of a Parisian belle, to whom no *petit maître* is acceptable who has not sacrificed to vanity a score of hearts, and as many reputations. You are sensible, my dear Gleim, that I have no such oblations to offer to any maids, celestial or terrestrial, and that therefore there is small chance of success for your poor forlorn Schmidt.

If I do not mistake, I have already apprized you of Klopstock's good fortune. The friendship of the Swiss continues to increase. A young merchant of the name of Kahn urges him to accept a share of his profits, and has actually entered into a covenant with him for that purpose. How came

you little gossip to tell him, I had presumed to smile at his spiritual gallantry? He was not half pleased on the occasion.

LETTER XXI.

From the same.

13th December, 1750.

I believe I have already told you, that since my banishment to this northern part of Saxony, where I live estranged from all our former friends, my soul has lost its native fire, and were it not sometimes revived by the influence of your letters, would sink into a state of torpor and dejection. After this avowal, my dear Gleim, it will be painful to you to reflect, that by your silence you have deprived me of the best and almost the only solace to my desolate destiny. Yet let not this idea affect you too deeply, since the depression from which I have lately been so severe a sufferer is now happily removed. I received your letter with the transport with which the enamoured youth once more listens to the voice of his departed love, who, in beauteous vision, returns to him at the midnight hour, to whisper peace and consolation to his soul. Roused from apathy and despondence, my heart again is young, the languid spirit

rekindles, and manly vigour is restored. Could you witness the transformation you have produced, you would yourself be astonished to discover that such preternatural powers were in your possession. Venus herself scarcely did more for Eneas.

*Scindit se nubes, et in æthera purgat apertum.
Restitit Æneas, clarâque in luce refulsit,
Os humerósque deo similis: namque ipsa decoram
Cesariem nato genitrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis, afflarat honores*.*

Seek not to banish from your heart the amiable solicitude to meet with some admirable but hitherto unknown maid, to whom you might safely promise eternal love. The sentiment does you honour. Yet as I am persuaded such vague solicitude is one of the greatest evils that escaped from Pandora's box, I have little doubt that it was inspired for some retributory purpose, and that it amounts in reality to a judgment of heaven, which you have incurred by some previous transgressions.

I am surprised you should not yourself have made the inference, since you cannot but be conscious of your trespasses towards a certain lovely maid, whose perfections not even your fastidious self disputed, and whom you left to the slights and stings of neglect. When you once

* See translation at the end of the volume.

related to me the full history, I shuddered for you, being too well aware how good a memory the Gods possess, whenever they think proper to take cognizance of human delinquents.* But I must quit this subject, which touches my own conscience with a sympathetic pang.

And now to resume the subject of marriage. After all, my dear Gleim, I do not conceive your case to be so very desperate, that you should be forced to chuse a mere drudging housekeeper at last, for that indeed would be the greatest misfortune that could befall mortal man. But it is absolutely necessary to descend from your present standard of female excellence. You ought in this respect to imitate the moderation we observe in the ways of heaven to man, which is indeed rigid in exacting duty, but commutes for one half the virtue it prescribes.

In my opinion, to the man who is in pursuit of a wife, that woman must be most desirable who is most capable of being moulded to his taste. It is not enough that a girl should possess qualities intrinsically excellent; they must be such as shall correspond with my wishes, and harmonize with my ideas, respecting the female character.

* It will appear that all this is said in raillery, and is a sort of allegorical accusation, of which the Correspondents understood the meaning.

Admitting this principle, from which I am sure you do not dissent, it follows as an obvious consequence, that a girl who should be little cultivated, but whose natural capacity was susceptible of improvement, would be preferable to the more intelligent girl, who had received from education some particular bias incompatible with such aptitudes to sympathy and assimilation.

The result of these reflections tends considerably to lessen the difficulty in discovering an object worthy of your attachment. You have no reason to complain that Cramer and Gartner have been more fortunate than yourself. The former must certainly have remitted many of his demands for excellence, since, on the death of his first love, who was indeed an incomparable creature, he transferred his affections to her younger sister.

With regard to Gartner, his sentiments on the subject appear to have been perfectly just, and from his letter to Gellert, I am disposed to conclude he had formed such moderate expectations as are rarely disappointed.

In fine, my dear friend, the best decision of this momentous question is (generally speaking) to be found in the pithy aphorism of an elder sage, *that he is the happiest man who requires the least to make him so.*

LETTER XXII.

From the same.

Eude, December.

I premise this letter will be short. Congratulate yourself, my dear Gleim, that you have lived to see this miracle that I should write but half a sheet, of which some of my friends have, perhaps, despaired for ten years. I am, however, unable to ascribe the change to any radical reformation in my epistolary habits, for the truth is, that I have for some days been subject to a dizziness, which incapacitates me for any long application.

I have to thank you for your last letter, in which you give me a hearty scolding; this little testiness has only served to make you more amiable in my eyes, and I have, therefore, the most cheerful alacrity in asking pardon for the offensive parts of my last letter. I am even delighted with your impetuosity, and more than ever of the opinion, that we must make people angry if we would extract the latent virtues of the heart. Yet, how was it possible you should take so very seriously the slight comparison I ventured to make between your critical objections to a *damsel* in Ariosto, and your fastidious scruples on the choice of a *wife*?

You are aware, that in a little sportive sally,

which is meant to pass for wit, one should not be captious, though something too much or too little should be said : there should surely be as much indulgence shewn to a flow of fancy, as to a fit of intoxication, since we are as little masters of thought in one instance, as of speech in the other. In spite of these palliative suggestions, I am, however, sincerely sorry to have offended you by a temerity of which I have been often forewarned in vain. From this moment, let the father of mischief take to himself all travesties, *bons mots*, and *jeux-d'esprits*, which for the future, I shall class with the plague, and shun as carefully as the worst disease. I am indeed tempted to believe, that from the Grecian jester who lost his head by joking on the one-eyed king, to my poor unfortunate self, there have been more victims to humour than valour, and more destroyed by wit, than have perished in the field.

Our Klopstock appears, by his last letters, to be in full glee with all the girls of the Swiss Cantons. Methinks he might be satisfied with his Clio, and the maids of Zurich, without coveting our gayer muses, who, to say the truth, are not in his vocation. It is strange, but true, as Horace says,

————— Ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat.

————— That no man lives
Contented with the lot which reason gives,
Or chance presents.

FRANCIS.

LETTER XXIII.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Zurich, 13th January.

How often in receiving letters from my parents or Cramer and Schlegel, have I repined at finding none from Gleim ! shall I accuse you, my friend, or leave you to your own reproaches ? I appeal to your own heart, and with the imperious warmth of friendship, conjure you to relieve my suspense. The moment you have received this letter you must dismiss business and write to me, though it should not be post day ; you must not defer till to-morrow to give me intelligence not only of yourself, but Schmidt, whose obstinate silence is a problem I seek in vain to comprehend. It is possible I may have importuned him with questions to which he was unwilling or unable to reply ; but he knows me sufficiently to be aware, that I am not of an uncandid nature, and that whether he had frankly solved my doubts, or honestly confessed his inability to remove them, I should have believed myself equally indebted to his friendship. Truly,

my dear Gleim, when I indulge in tender but melancholy retrospections of our former intimacy ;—when I contrast with this coldness some vanished scenes of felicity ;—when I recall the moments in which my Schmidt, who at that time both loved and trusted his Klopstock, would open to me his whole heart without mystery or reserve ;—when I think of this and mark the painful difference, I am stung to the quick, and my soul, once so sanguine and childishly alive to joy, is devoured with anguish and disappointment. Yet you must not suppose that I condemn or that I have ceased to love him. No, my affection is unalterable ; I write to you with my whole heart and from the impulse of the moment.

You will find at my father's a letter addressed to Bodmer, which has, however, been suppressed ; he is not capable of becoming a magnanimous enemy. Of this when we meet, we shall have ample matter for discussion ; for the present, I will only say, that I consumed some portion of my life, undertook a long pilgrimage, and submitted to a separation from my best and dearest friends, only to discover the real character of the man we considered as a brother, only to be convinced that he was less upright and single-minded than ourselves.

I have spent the whole evening in reading Tom Jones, and was once seduced by Sophia to so deep a

reverie, that I pressed the sweet girl's hand, and charged her to write to Gleim. I am now quite exhausted and only wish you may sleep as soundly as I expect to sleep, though I should vainly ask to slumber at this moment. What a delicious thing is friendship, when such nothings may be written, and are willingly read for the sake of the writer.

LETTER XXIV.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Langesalze, January, 1751.

My dearest Gleim,

By what title shall I address you? what epithet can I select that falls not short of my feelings? how poor am I now in words! I, who as a lover, could overflow with eloquence, and create a new language to supply new names of tenderness and endearment, am yet wholly unable to recompense your friendship or to do justice to mine own. I will assert the freedom of my soul, and at the hazard of infringing Klopstock's antient rights on my heart, acknowledge with the same frankness with which you have avowed your preference for Kleist, that you are yet nearer and dearer to me

than my beloved Klopstock. What I feel for you is genuine inspiration. You transfuse your own thoughts, you excite in me another spirit, and inspire me with reverence for my own nature,

Tuum quod placeo, si placeo tuum est.

That while I live my numbers please,
If pleasing is thy gift alone ;

but how shall I describe my joy on receiving the assurance of your favourable sentiments? No, it is not simply joy, but rather impassioned gratitude. I should even call it rapture, if that seemed not to preclude duration.

I am as much touched with Kleist's sorrow for his brother's death, dear Gleim, as you can be, and perhaps still more, from having been less accustomed to dwell on mournful impressions. Comfort him, my friend, console him with that native eloquence which is best prompted by sympathy and affection. The language of an afflicted heart is wholly different from that fictitious passion of the poet, who, like Klopstock, imagines himself receiving his friend's last sighs.

I accept not your indulgence for my supposed inconstancy in love ; for, believe me, I am much more susceptible than successful. You see, dear Gleim, I rely on your assurance, that I cannot

gossip with you too often ; I assure you my letters shall, in future, resume that chearful tone which you missed in my last. But then remember you must allow me to joke and laugh as much as I please, nor should you take it amiss if I sometimes say a *good thing* rather than a *wise* one ; do not, however, imagine I am capable of dictating any thing to wound your feelings ; suffer me but sometimes to sport like Anacreon, and you shall find me harmless and gentle as his dove.

LETTER XXV.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Quedlinburg, March, 1751.

Good morning, dear Gleim, here I am once more. Come as soon as possible to your Klopstock.

Postscript by Klopstock, the Father.

Oh! this laconic style; but so it is when children do not take after their parents. I doubt not, my worthy friend, of seeing you to-morrow morning, even without this formal advertisement. I shall infallibly expect you in spite of let or impediment. The two gallant Swiss love you already,

and I can answer for your speedy requital of the obligation.

G. H. KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER XXVI.

From Klopstock to Gleim.

Quedlinburg, March 6th.

Dearest Gleim,

We are so near, and yet must exchange letters, pray get rid of this vexatious general chapter, and defer your journey to Waldeck; there are many reasons (which can best be explained when we meet) for accelerating my departure to Copenhagen.— You may now perhaps be able to fix the time for your *canonical* engagement, of which I shall anxiously expect intelligence. We shall have much to say of Langesalze, and of the subject ever present to my thoughts. My passion revives in full force; my love is drawn from the lurking corners of my heart, to which it had escaped for shelter. I long since became acquainted with the fearful boy (for once let me use this word), and now learn again to feel his power. Often have I summoned courage to bid him sleep, or feign to sleep, but I am now convinced he never listened;

for if I would recall that moment, I cannot believe it ever existed. It is impossible you should enter into the labyrinths of my heart. It is true, that hope is almost gone, the feeble prop slides from my grasp, I sink with it, I am ready to acquiesce in despondence. I scarcely know what I write, but this I know, I have never written before so coldly of my love. I have once more sent letters to Schmidt and his sister. Ah, Gleim, methinks you have not done well to revive my few faint hopes.

LETTER XXVII.

To the same.

Quedlinburg, March 28.

Just as I was sitting down to write to you arrived your billet; to which I can only answer, that friendship forbids you to prolong my stay.

Among other reasons it will be sufficient to say, that Bernstorff (and Bernstorff is the most amiable of men) supposes me already on the way to Copenhagen. I swear to you once more, *your prayers are to me children of the gods*, and sacred as the daughters of Jove: but, dearest Gleim, if my welfare be really precious in your sight, ask

me no more. I shall be with you on Monday—but merely as a traveller. Even Schmidt loves you not so truly as your Klopstock.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the same.

Quedlingburg, March 21.

I am unable to resist such persuasive entreaties. I must depart—I can only say I must depart now to ensure the privilege of spending with you many future long delightful summers in the pleasures of friendship and mutual confidence. Could you but look into my heart, could you know how much it yearns to speak when reason forbids to speak, you would not add another word to increase my sadness. What indeed would it avail if I remained, when I should be too uneasy to enjoy even your society? On Thursday early I shall be in Halberstadt, and remain with you till midnight.

Gleim—this is almost more than I ought to give you. Cramer, his Charlotte, and my parents, all approve of my decision: I have sent a brief, but mournful! farewell to Langesalze.

LETTER XXIX.

Fanny to Klopstock.

Langesalze, 7th April.

I will at length give wing to the little dove, for whose arrival, my dear cousin, you have so earnestly solicited; though really it is no common requisition, for such a little tender creature to cross over the sea.

Where are you now, and whither shall the dove pursue your steps? the poor little traveller will be out of breath ere he can reach you, do not therefore importune him with too many questions; for, besides that he must be as weary as Anacreon's messenger, he will perhaps be as much disposed as myself to chide at having so far to seek you. It costs me many a pang to reflect, that one has to traverse so many countries with one's thoughts, and even penetrate to the north pole to find you. Such a distance may well appear formidable to a girl who could scarcely be persuaded to take a journey to Leipsic! Pray make much of the little darling; not even omitting the most soothing caresses, lest he should blab all the hard things I have surmised of your neglect in not visiting us at Langesalze; for you must be well aware, that if I was not too good-natured to

recriminate, I might, with some reason, abuse you for having disappointed my expectations, and deprived us of the pleasure of seeing you? It is well for you I am not disposed to wrangle on a point, that cannot now be recalled, and, least of all, with one whom I would fain pronounce *not guilty*. I believe you will be pleased to hear that Miss Hagenbruch is married to Mr. Lutheroth—a sweet amiable girl! and so friendly with me; I know not whether she will in future be equally so.

I have promised her an ode on her nuptials, and I hope you will also compose a poem on the occasion. Do not laugh at my promise. I am indeed no *born* poetess; but my conversation with you ought to have made me something like one; and were it but for that alone, I should always be with the greatest friendship, yours, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Klopstock to Gleim.

On the Great Belt, 11th April.

Dearest Gleim,

I have now written to Fanny. I had conjured her to send a letter to me by Hagerdorn. Dearest Gleim, write soon what she is doing—I have little

hope of receiving from her an early letter. I wish you were now with us—it is delightful to traverse the sea with full sails. I cannot send a long letter now—I can only say.....but, write soon.

LETTER XXXI.

To the same.

Copenhagen, 1st May.

I sent you, my dearest friend, a billet from the Great Belt, to which I now refer you. I find Copenhagen extremely pleasant; and should be perfectly happy but for the melancholy reflection, that no letter arrives from Fanny. What conduct ought I to pursue now that fortune no longer frowns on my prospects? What should I do or not do? there is my perplexity. I should act so differently if I ventured to believe my affection was returned, or if I was quite convinced that it was rejected. And yet how can I longer doubt of her indifference? It is now almost three years since I saw her for the first time in Langesalze. I swear to you, my Gleim, by our friendship, (and how can I name a pledge more dear and sacred!) by our union I swear, she will never be so loved again. This cloud will long remain to spread a dark shade of melancholy over

my future life ; even now, when every thing conspires to make me happy, I feel its invidious influence. Why am I thus doomed to suffer? is it that my heart may be purified and invigorated to make nobler efforts for the attainment of virtue? These views are perhaps worthy of Providence ; but are they not accomplished? and must I still be doomed to hopeless misery? Let me enquire no farther, but endeavour to submit with patient resignation. I am forced to lay down my pen.

I have now something to add, that to you alone, my Gleim, (observe that) to you alone would I breathe for the world. You may, perhaps, have heard Gisecke, of Brunswick, mention Margaret Moller, of Hamburgh. I was lately introduced to this girl ; and passed in her society most of the time I lately spent at Hamburgh. I found her, in every sense of the word, so lovely, so amiable, so full of attractions, that I could, at times, scarcely forbear to give her the name which is to me the dearest in existence. I was often with her alone ; and, in those moments of unreserved intercourse, was insensibly led to communicate my melancholy story. Could you have seen her in those moments, my Gleim, how she looked, and listened, and how often she interrupted, and how tenderly she wept—and if you knew how much she is my friend—and yet it was

not for her that I had so long suffered.—What a heart must she possess to be thus touched for a stranger ! At this thought I am almost tempted to make a comparison—but then does a mist gather before mine eyes—and, if I probe my heart, I feel that I am more unhappy than ever.

The sympathy expressed by this noble minded maid has touched the chord of all my former feelings ; every painful circumstance is recalled, every keen sensation renewed, and I am more than ever conscious of my present wretchedness and desolation. Oh that you could give me some intelligence to lay this tumult to rest ! Give me intelligence of whatever nature it may be—I look for no good.

LETTER XXXII.

Klopstock to Fanny.

Friedensberg, four miles from Copenhagen, 11th May, 1751.

Your little anacreontic dove, my dearest Cousin, arrived yesterday, on a lovely spring evening, whilst the full moon beamed in all her beauty ; and found me in a country which might vie with any in Saxony for its delightful aspect. The nightingales sing here as early as with you ; and if you would

but send more little doves, they should all fly with me to some wooded dell, and light on every lowly bush where the nightingales are wont to chaunt their tender songs.

I find this place not so near the north pole as you suspect, and, indeed, as I too once supposed, and I enjoy here all the quiet and delicious seclusion of country life.

The King, who is the best and most amiable man in Denmark, is pleased to provide for me this delightful residence. Several stately mansions have been erected on the island; the King has chosen for his retreat a mere villa, without the smallest pretensions to grandeur; but, in point of situation, the most pleasant in the neighbourhood. In this small house he occupies but one apartment, exclusive of an audience chamber; but it stands in the middle of a wood; in which are nearly a hundred vistas, crossing each other in pleasing confusion, and all leading to the sea. It was to one of these sequestered paths that I yesterday withdrew on the arrival of your unlooked for letter; and, having perused and reperused the contents, I at length thus addressed the little dove:

‘ And thou art come to me at last, little amiable Dove; but thou hast spent a tedious time on the way! Fain would I question thee; but I perceive thou art out of breath. So come

‘ and perch on this long pendant bough, on which
‘ the moonbeams are most bright, and where the
‘ gales of evening breathe most softly. Here rest
‘ awhile to recover from thy fatigue; I will then
‘ whisper to thee a few questions.

‘ Listen now then, sweet darling, and tell me,
‘ had not spring begun to bloom ere thou didst
‘ take thy flight from home, and did not thy mis-
‘ tress sometimes ramble to those haunts, where I
‘ have so often walked with her alone?

‘ Yes, sometimes she went towards the spot,
‘ but soon came back.

‘ Was she alone? *usually* and always gay?

‘ Was she not sometimes wont to speak to
‘ thee of her friends?

‘ Sometimes she would mention them.

‘ But tell me, sweetest bird, had I a place
‘ among them?

‘ Your name seldom escaped her lips.

‘ But hast thou not been present when she had
‘ received a letter from an absent friend?

‘ Oh, often enough. I have seen her lay down
‘ the letter with a very serious look, and either
‘ take up a book or pursue some other avocation.

‘ Hast thou not sometimes observed a tear of
‘ pity in her lovely eyes?

‘ *Never*, she is too wise for that.

‘ Hold, Dove, I will pluck the fairest feather
‘ from thy wing, if thou dare again to pervert lan-

‘ guage, by giving the sacred name of wisdom to
‘ such impenetrable hardness of heart.

‘ If you use me thus for speaking the truth, I
‘ must instantly fly away.

‘ Stay, my bird, I will do her no harm.

‘ Then I consent to tarry with you ; but why
‘ have you ceased to ask questions ? and why is
‘ your countenance so sad ?

‘ Nay, now I thought I had a cheerful look.

‘ Can you call that cheerfulness, which is but
‘ the flimsy disguise of an old inveterate sorrow—
‘ a captivity from which you vainly struggle to
‘ escape. ? Yet you appeared so glad when I first
‘ approached, that I wonder what can have hap-
‘ pened since to produce the sudden change ; sure
‘ I am I have not wronged you ! No, by all the
‘ powers of Olympus, I would not have done
‘ aught to injure you, for never have I perceived
‘ so strong an expression of anguish in any face
‘ as I now perceive in your countenance, and yet
‘ you appear to have a heart pure from self-reproach.

‘ Come hither, my sweet bird, rest on my lyre,
‘ and I will play thee a song of a certain *Fanny*,
‘ the dear and only object of my existence.
‘ Why droops thy little fluttering pinion ? and
‘ why art thou so sad ? “ Oh, cease to play that
‘ strain, or I fly for shelter to yon dark copse,
‘ and behold thee no more.”

‘ Remain with me, my pretty companion, and I

‘ will cease to sing. Yet, one word more, and I
‘ have done. Why does your mistress impute my
‘ not seeing her previous to her departure to neg-
‘ lect, when she ought to have known, my absence
‘ had another and far different source ?

‘ You require of me too much — I am but her mes-
‘ senger, and pretend not to divine her secret
‘ thoughts.’

In this manner I prattled with your little dove,
till we were interrupted by a party of intruders,
who dragged me from the delicious wood, the
beautiful shore, and my beloved companion.

Would you again write to me ? Letters are
usually but eight days on the road, though this
has made such a tedious journey. If you seriously
mean to write an ode on Miss Hagenbruch’s mar-
riage, I beg you will send it to me. You may
perhaps happen to lay your hand on another ode
you once promised to return, and in which one
line runs thus,

‘ How blest were my days whilst a stranger to love !’

I am, with true friendship,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Friedensberg, May 11th.

You ask me, dearest Gleim, what I felt at our
parting ? Certainly as much as you, if not still

more; for in conflicts of this nature, I am accustomed to gain the victory.

If I might venture to have a voice in the question, whether it should be for you to go to Langesalze, or for Schmidt to come to you at Halberstadt, I should certainly vote for the former. It would afford me such exquisite satisfaction to know that you had seen Fanny; to find you had perhaps explored some crevice of her heart to me inscrutable, and to receive the result of all your vigilant observations.

Let me suppose you at Langesalze, where you would surely accompany Fanny in walking in the gardens of our friend Weiss, and where you could not but see the Apollo, whom Fanny (wicked girl,) once said I resembled. But, no, I would rather have you seek Orpheus and Eurydice.—I envy and almost grudge the conversation you will enjoy with *Fanny*. There are some little things, I should so much rather have to say for myself—but no matter.—At length you return from Langesalze, and immediately write to me. But what I would fain know, that——

Even now, with what impatience my heart throbs against the expected letter.

If you be but swift to go, and prompt to write—of the last I am assured, when secure of the first—go then, my friend, use all possible dispatch;—

but still how long, how very long, will that interval of suspense appear to me!

LETTER XXXIV.

From the same.

Friedensberg, 24th May

How rich in happiness am I this morning! rich in the arrival of letters from my parents and my Gleim, which were to me more balmy than the luxuriant May, now shedding its white blossoms on the woods of Friedensberg. Yet is the May blossom here beautiful and voluptuous as in any part of Saxony, that sweet glade alone excepted, where I have so often rambled with my Fanny. *My* Fanny did I say? Ah! that dear *my*—if I but dared to think her *mine*. How do I still love her!—and with what transports do I think of my Gleim's journey to Langesalze! Let me not disturb this sweet idea with any suggestions of jealousy. Is it possible to distrust Gleim? Yes, to Fanny shall he go, and when I am far distant.

I can write no more on this subject—I must take a turn in the wood, stretch myself under some pendant boughs, and there read over all my precious letters.

I have been—I am returned—I have studied the whole volume of letters, without having been once missed or interrupted. I have indeed already chosen, and in a manner appropriated to myself, certain secluded walks, where I am seldom exposed to intrusion. I have reperused the little Moller's letters; a sweet artless creature she is—she has already written to me four times, and writes in a style so exquisitely natural! Were you to see this lovely girl, and read her letters, you would as easily give Sulzer credit for impartiality, as conceive it possible that she should be mistress of the French, English, and Italian languages, and even conversant with Greek and Latin literature. I wish you would engage in a correspondence with her; you need only say you write at my request, and be assured she will readily send an answer, for she is a most amiable, unaffected creature.

I mentioned Hagedorn in my last letter, and perhaps for that reason omitted to mention Mde. Schelnin, who did not quite come up to the image I had formed of her in my mind's eye. You must not from hence infer, that I was not greatly pleased. It was certainly to her disadvantage to be seen in company with the *Moller*, who could not but extort the preference; and, indeed, had their merits been equally poised, I suspect I should always have a stronger prepossession for

the single than the married woman ; and so many people accord with me in this sentiment, that I am persuaded it cannot impeach my taste. You will perhaps retort, that, in the present instance, the question is purely of friendship. Admitted ; but even then, in conversing with women, we shall always find a sly little imperceptible something we never experience with our own sex.

I dined in company with Hagedorn at the Moller's ; but much as I admired, I conversed with him very little, and to say the truth, my reserve was justified by his example.

This Schelnin is quite the creature of sentiment, and as Hagedorn observes, dove-eyed in every sense of the word. I discovered in her one certain criterion of merit, that of being most esteemed by those with whom she had been the longest acquainted.

I lately read to Count Moltka the fifth canto of the Messiah, and had the satisfaction to observe that he understood it perfectly. He often interrupted with applause, and as often blamed his own impetuosity ; but declared he could not wholly suppress his emotions. It was seven in the morning when we had this interview. At which early hour the courtiers assemble ; at eight, Moltka's antichamber is crouded with visitors,

among whom he is distinguished only by wearing the King's picture set in brilliants.

And now again for your journey to Langesalze. It will be precisely at Whitsuntide; and that season is rapidly approaching. I can write no more, I have so much to say that could not be written. Farewell.

LETTER XXXV.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Ende, June, 1751.

How comes it, dearest Gleim, that you, who could so long resist the importunities of a poet are so eager to obey the summons of a prelate; and why was the visit so long deferred, if destined to come to such an untimely end? Answer me this question, dearest Gleim—is it not true? Are you not conscious that you ought to have spared us some few days more?

You must not blame your friends if they execrate all your important affairs, and denounce the general chapter for your sake. Not but that the vocation in itself is honourable and meritorious, and, without doubt, it is a charming thing to preside in such a synod of great men as their right reverend secretary and counsellor. But still I cannot be convinced but that

you might sometimes steal a moment to visit a friend; nor can I possibly comprehend why, when you venture to enter another house, the arrival and the departure should so rapidly succeed each other? But much as I may repine at the shortness of your visit, you must not imagine I am the less grateful for the pleasure it has afforded; on the contrary, I am even the more sensible to the friendship that could prompt you to incur so much trouble and inconvenience.

And now suffer me, in my mother's name, to enquire in what manner you accomplished the latter half of your journey? I cannot say much in favour of our route from Nordhausen. "The clouds wept
" with me, the face of heaven looked dark and
" mournful as mine. I had to wade through bog
" and slough; dripping with rain, I slowly travers-
" ed the dull fenny plains that presented no beau-
" ties to the eye, and in two long hours scarcely
" advanced a single mile. To beguile the time,
" I had recourse to the pipe and the muse, and
" smoked, and rhymed for very ennui, whilst my
" faithful steed, dejected as his rider, paced slowly
" on, neighing dolefully with many a sign of dis-
" contented listlessness."*

You will have no difficulty in imagining our

* These lines in the original are in measure.

deplorable condition when we reached the inn, where you have also halted, and where lank-jawed famine has surely fixed her abode.

Not one morsel could we put within our lips, and I really believe neither smoke nor fire has been seen in this abominable place for a century. The image of want, so vividly described by Ovid, has even the expression of *prelatical portliness*, compared with the ghastly spectre that here reigns in horrible supremacy. So much for our adventures.

And now, dear Gleim, tell us what has befallen you? Was your pilgrimage through the Harz-forest happily accomplished? You must assuredly have been very happy to find yourself once more in Halberstadt, enjoying the society of Sulzer and his beloved, with all those other friends and amusements you appeared to miss so much at Langesalze.

The *mama* and my sister beg to be most kindly remembered to you; the former is never weary of singing your praises, and of reiterating how much—how very much you have pleased her. As to my sister, she esteems you even more than before; and really it is sometimes quite edifying, when the theme is started, to hear us all, with one consent, laud and magnify you in full chorus.

LETTER XXXVI.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Copenhagen, July 13th.

How can you love me, dear Gleim, and yet remain silent? I have been apprized by my father, that on the 12th of last month you commenced your journey to Thuringia;—perhaps a letter may be already on the way—perhaps—yet why should I thus attempt to deceive myself? I know too well what you will have to communicate—I know that Fanny does not love me. I conjure you, dearest Gleim, to shew less tenderness, and no longer withhold the truth.

Let me suppose then, that having already gained the intelligence I dread to receive, you proceed to enquire (love out of the question) what sentiments she at present entertains for me, and whether she consents to be my friend, in that degree to which I may justly aspire, after so long, so constant, so devoted an attachment.

Schmidt has returned a large part of my former letters. I am now busied in transcribing them, for they were become almost illegible, and I wished to retrace, at a single glance, the mournful history of my heart.

Non hic de nihilo nascitur historia.

LETTER XXXVII.

Klopstock to Schmidt.

Friedensberg, 20th July.

Is it possible my Schmidt can have totally renounced the correspondence with his Klopstock? With what painful feelings have I endured suspense? Ask your heart, appeal to your conscience, if you have not ceased to be my friend? and why should you scruple to own the change to him whose whole soul has been laid open to your view?

Often am I occupied in presenting to my mind the various pleasures which might have conspired to form for me a happy destiny, had I never known you, nor ever loved your sister. I steal to solitude, and read, or rather *think* (that is the right word) in Young; I pursue my literary labours, and transcribe the letters we have formerly exchanged with each other. I have collected in one book those you wrote to me, and those you lately thought proper to return.

Ah! once indeed, was Schmidt my friend, when he wrote those dear letters, in one of which, addressed to me when I was ill, I found (do you remember it?) the following passage: "I was
" once saying to Kuhnert, that if you ever be-
" came unhappy, I should no longer be able to

“ meet your countenance, and that however I
“ might be acquitted by conscience, the idea of
“ your misery would inflict on my soul the most
“ poignant stings of reproach. Kuhnert was un-
“ able to conceive why I should be thus affected,
“ if I was conscious of innocence, and if even you
“ absolved me from blame. My God! how little
“ can some people comprehend such sentiments.
“ I cut the matter short by exclaiming—It is not
“ for every mind to have this innate dread of re-
“ proach.”

Resolve me, I conjure you, that great problem in your conduct, that during the half year I spent in Switzerland, I received not a single letter from Langesalze? I beseech you to throw some light on this fearful mystery. I have too long lingered in the labyrinth; and the more I explore, the more am I bewildered. Who that really felt as a friend should feel, could have doomed me for so long an interval to solicitude and suspense? Such a friend (if I may dare profane the name), such a friend loved me not. Had you written but one letter, or even a single line, on the day of my departure for Zurich, it would have given me wings to fly to you. Can you imagine I should almost have past your habitation, but for the most melancholy and agonising of all reflexions, that I was no longer dear to you? Could you know with what sensa-

tions I approached Erfurt.—Not daring to trust myself so near a spot I had frequently visited with your sister, I besought the postillion to make a deviation of six miles from the regular route, and conduct me to Weimar. It was in a dark and dreary night that I thus hastened to escape from you, from myself, from misery. If you still accuse me on the plea of not having visited Langesalze, you can only do so to avert your own reproaches, and to escape the conviction that you have treated me with unkind neglect. But all this was over, as you wrote to Gleim and me, and all consigned to oblivion. I forgot the past; I wept with tenderness. I rejoiced like a guileless child at the thought of seeing you again. At this moment the most urgent necessity compelled me to commence my journey, and to inflict on myself the most bitter disappointment.

And now, what more shall I say, my Schmidt? I believe, indeed, you are still *friendly*, but not always my *friend*; only at times, when you reflect that there exists not the human being who loves you more truly than Klopstock. For myself, my Schmidt, I shall never cease to cherish for you the sentiments of attachment I have so long professed; for me there is a voice of nature that speaks within my bosom, and that can never speak in vain. Oh! holy voice—still let me listen to thy

soft tones—and still let the grateful strain cheer me during the dreary pilgrimage, which I shall now pursue alone, till all be accomplished. During every change I still remain unaltered and unalterable, and must cordially subscribe myself, most your friend, your

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Klopstock to Gleim.

August 8th.

For heaven's sake, my Gleim, why will you vie in unkindness with Schmidt and his more obdurate sister? and how is it possible you should have so little consideration for my tranquillity? There could scarcely be a longer interval of silence if I lived in America, and the Atlantic rolled between us. I little expected such treatment (at least from you). And oh! how proud I am, (if proud I can be with the most poignant sense of wretchedness) that I surpass you all so much in love and friendship. I write in bitterness of heart. I have lately been employed in transcribing the correspondence with Schmidt. The task is finished, and now may I apply to Gleim the very language I have addressed to Schmidt. The time must come, yes, (I predict it with mournful confidence) the time

will come, when you shall all remember with regret, how dearly I have loved, and how ill I have been requited by the objects of my affection.

LETTER XXXIX.

Klopstock, the Father, to Gleim.

Quedlinburg, August 17th.

My worthy secretary and dear friend,

Suffer me to give you a hint respecting the future conduct* to be observed towards my son—aid me to burst his bonds asunder. It is the noblest proof you can give of friendship—the sterling gold, the full carat. Why will he submit to a humiliation and debasement so contrary to the feelings of nature? Why throw away a jewel on one so little able to perceive its value? He must cease to shape the world according to his old academical ideas, unless he would share the fate of the Englishman, who has been six times deceived, and is still subject to delusion and disappointment.

Earthly felicity is too surely a contradiction—happiness belongs not to the rude clime of human life. May he but be able to support his lot!

* Klopstock, the father, alludes in this letter to his son's attachment to Miss Schmidt.

LETTER XL.

Gleim to Klopstock.

Iden, September, 1751.

I should have to reproach myself with the greatest crime of my life, if either from negligence or indifference, or any more culpable motive, I had forborne to reply to your last letter. When you conjured me, my dear Klopstock, to shew you less tenderness, you guessed too truly the cause of my silence. But still you will ask why I did not write on the receipt of your last letter? Why I did not then, at least, explain the reasons of my former repugnance? And this too, dear Klopstock, was impossible. On receiving your letter, (which I should scarcely have endured to read to the end, but from the secret persuasion that you would soon disclaim the unjust suspicions of my friendship) on glancing over its contents, my first impulse was to hasten to Quedlinburg, to entreat your father, or Cramer, to write that explanation I was so unwilling to give. Yet no sooner was I arrived than my resolution failed. I could not bring myself to avow the object for which I came, and returned to Halberstadt with a determination to make one desperate effort to surmount my repugnance; but it was in vain that I took up the pen, I knew not how to begin, nor how

to proceed. Whilst I was thus struggling with myself, Schmidt came to me, dear Klopstock, to enquire if I had written. I replied, it is absolutely impossible; I love him too much to inflict pain; he is a thousand times dearer to me than to you; on you, therefore, should the task devolve; and from this moment I shall disclaim your friendship, if you hesitate to perform your duty. Schmidt desisted from his previous importunity, and solemnly promised to write as soon as he should have arrived in Berlin. He staid with me but two days, and then commenced his journey, accompanied by your old pupil Weiss, on whose account he means to reside there half a year.

On the following day (2d of September) I came to this place. Colonel Canneberg is no less desirous to give me pleasure than his admirable wife, a woman worthy to have transcribed the Messiah. But in the midst of pleasure gardens, promenades, &c. I am unable for a single moment to estrange my thoughts from Klopstock. There exists not the being who loves you more sincerely than I do. Of this even you will soon be convinced; and when you have thus repaired your former injustice, my soul shall again rejoice as in a song of jubilee.

Of my visit to Langesalze, we will talk the first night we spend together. Schmidt complained

that he could not observe a smile on my face, and did not once discover Gleim; he had never known such an altered being, and was unable to account for the transformation.

LETTER XLI.

To Gleim.

Copenhagen, September 14.

Yesterday, my Gleim, I received, and to day I reply to your letter; you will perhaps be surprised that I have been able to gain so much composure, and I know myself too well to trust implicitly to such appearances of strength and tranquillity; I am now perhaps calm, because this last stroke had been long foreseen, and was preceded by many painful conflicts, and because I would fain cheer the friend, who is so generously suffering for my sake.

Pæte, non dolet, said Arria, for the sake of Pæ-tus. Ah Gleim, how dear must you be to me, when even that last letter which to you appeared so dreadful, was to me but sorrowful, and I love you enough to endure even sorrow, when by you inflicted.—From Schmidt I have not yet heard, though by a letter from Fanny, I am again ap-

prised of his intention of writing. Had the shadow of a hope remained, I should have been more shocked by your intelligence, but can you not forestall some part of our future conversation? will you not at least give me the first night of your visit to Langesalze? Yet, I am not ungrateful,—I will not persist in the claim if it should be too painful to my noble friend; for myself, I have not only solicitude but courage to sustain me in the task.

I have already answered Fanny in a letter which began in a composed and even chearful strain; by degrees my heart kindled with its theme, and I at length closed with these words, “on the evening that I received your letter, I forced my soul from its deep melancholy, and looking up to heaven, exclaimed, why am I thus restless and desolate? Why am I thus doomed to suffer, and so bitterly to taste of misery? Startled by these suggestions, I cast down mine eyes, abashed and irresolute—and during the pause—a new train of ideas came into my mind, of a character so different from my accustomed thoughts, that I was almost tempted to believe they were the inspirations of my better genius, and with awe ineffable resigned myself to those mysterious whispers, whilst thus the voice spake within me—And must thou so soon begin to breathe impatient murmurs? Cast but one glance, as far as the

glance of mortal foresight can penetrate—a single step beyond the grave—knowest thou not thy proper vocation? It was to exhibit an example of virtue such as is worthy to aspire to the adoration and imitation of imperishable perfection? it is for this thy heart must be gradually unfolded—for this it shall be nourished with tears, and instructed by sorrow—and when thou hast proved that the sublime duties of submission and adoration are dearer to thee than those temporal joys whose duration is so little known, when thou hast evinced this, thou shalt have obtained thy reward.—Go in peace, search no farther—beyond the grave, there is a region of bliss—an everlasting home, in which dwells love more heavenly than it has entered into thy soul to conceive.—Now, go in peace, and pray but to merit the destined recompence.”

Schmidt has often pronounced me a strange being—but, of him, what shall I say? That he loves me less than I love him, is a melancholy truth, of which (painful as it is) I should have no right to complain; but that there should be some lines in his character (oh! how to acknowledge this) which I have hitherto considered as light shades, but which are surely something worse than strange—this does indeed afflict my soul, and I would fain reject the unwelcome conviction—Yet, let me

hope I am mistaken, and that you can force me to retract the charge ; how gladly should I confess that I had erred in judgment. Tell me with what views he attends Weiss to Berlin, and if any thing has occurred to promote his felicity? Alas for Schmidt—my dear Schmidt—no, it is impossible to suppose him culpable—he can have done nothing to sunder the ties of friendship.

Write to me soon again, withhold not this only consolation ; I think my letter has the right address—I expect Bernstorff back on the 25th of this month—It will be a real joy to meet him again, as it would equally have been to meet Moltka, had he been as long absent. I am, dear Gleim—(and what better can I be?)

Your friend,

Your KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER XLII.

To the same.

Friedensberg, October 31.

It is to you alone that I can, and will disclose the history of my heart—to you who have taken in it, the interest of a sincere friend—who have listened with indulgence, and repaid me with sympathy. Not one line have I yet received from

Schmidt; he appears wholly to disclaim me as a friend or a correspondent.

You are fully sensible it is of the last importance to my future peace to understand, (with what views I will not say,) but with what sentiments, Fanny has so long rendered me unhappy.—You are well aware, my Gleim, that I am as little capable as yourself of adopting unjust suspicions, and mournful as is my fate, I am more ready to become Fanny's advocate than her accuser. But surely without partiality to my own cause, I might have expected that candour or generosity should have prompted her to make Gleim the depository of her real sentiments. Either she might have said, I love not Klopstock—I cannot love him, (tempering those cruel words with some sweet soothing assurances of friendship, which would have almost healed their bitterness) or should she not have whispered, I love—(oh! to believe she could thus feel even for the moment in which I write)

‘ I love him, but you see how little I am in my
‘ own power, and that it depends not on my will
‘ to make him happy. But let him use every
‘ effort to acquire proper consideration in the
‘ eyes of those who have different views of fortune—let him do this, and rely on my future
‘ gratitude.’ What wings would this have given

to my steps—what energy would it have imparted to my soul!

Perhaps, my Gleim, it may be in your power to remove one of the greatest causes of my present inquietude. It has occurred to me that those letters I sent to Switzerland, (those ill-fated letters to which no answers were ever returned) must have been partially, perhaps wholly misunderstood, or they could not have failed to demonstrate the ardour and sincerity of the passion which had even reconciled me to the idea of engaging in a mercantile speculation, a proposal to which no other motive could have induced me to listen for a single moment.

By certain expressions which have dropt from Schmidt, it appears to me, that on this occasion I have been misconceived or misinterpreted. I make the remark with the hope that you may be able to throw some light on the subject. For the love of which I have been so fatally tenacious I can now ask but one recompence—for my future existence there remains but one solace—all the peace and consolation of after life depends on knowing whether Fanny really has a heart, a heart that could have sympathized with mine? And do you still doubt? will Gleim say. What can I think? To have been always so cold—so insensible—so indifferent.—It appears impossible.

I should vainly attempt to describe the present state of my feelings—it is one without a name.—I often see her in my dreams, and at such moments some tender recollections bring tears to mine eyes ; but tears afford no relief when there no longer exists a hope—to be destroyed. Fanny lost—quite lost—for is it not too plain that she is without a heart ? Ah ! Gleim, that thought renders the loss irreparable ; and whilst it compels conviction, I am incapable of listening to consolation. ‘ How is it possible (you will often have said to yourself)—how is it possible, that Klopstock should not summon to his aid a noble pride, that he should not combat a weakness so unworthy of his character ; that by obtaining a triumph over himself, he should not secure the only fair and honourable revenge for so much unrequited love ?’

I have often asked myself the same question, and, alas ! I can still return no answer.

LETTER XLIII.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Berlin, 7th October.

You must not scold me, dear Gleim, for not having yet written to you; if you consider in what a tumultuous whirl one moves on arriving for the first time in such a capital as Berlin, you will have no difficulty in suggesting my excuse. A series of new acquaintance, excursions, balls, wedding festivals, have consumed the greater part of my time. When I could snatch a moment from such engagements, I was unfitted by previous dissipation for employing it as I wished, and I have actually begun four letters to you, without being able to finish one of them; there is always so much to be said to Gleim, and you know full well how little it is my forte to write short letters! I am tempted to smile at the reflexion, that both my epistles and my odes labour under the same defect as my figure, namely, that of being too long. To bring the comparison closer, as I am tall enough to be a sort of Fugelman to my companions, so my letters might be considered as the Fugelmen of my correspondents, who are unhappily not disposed to imitate the admirable example.

I can, however, easily conceive your dissatisfaction at not finding the letter you had expected ; perhaps I ought to assume some merit on the occasion, as having evinced my friendship, by allowing you for once the *novel pleasure* of finding me in the wrong ; for you well know that, as far as our correspondence is concerned, I am accustomed to engross to myself the privilege of being always obstinately in the right.—Raillery apart, it is quite a different thing whether I write to you or another friend, so encroaching is the affection I bear my little Gleim, that when I take up the pen I am no longer master of myself, but carried far beyond the time allotted to the task.

Le cœur s'occupe du sujet,
Et l'esprit laisse-là l'ouvrage.

And now let me hasten to communicate my impression of Kleist, though it will be as difficult to do justice to my own feelings as to give satisfaction to your expectations. I spent a whole day in his society at Potsdam, and was delighted not only with the writer but the man. It is the character of integrity that strikes you first in his countenance and deportment, before you have discovered either the poet or the soldier, (perhaps for the honour of our poetical fraternity it might be said, that the features of the upright man and

the bard are precisely the same). Conscious as I am that I have rather you than myself to thank for Kleist's attentions, I do not deny I could find an ungrateful pleasure in rivalling you in his affections ; but I doubt whether this be possible, for you are absolutely his idol, and I cannot tell you how much he rose in my veneration, when I discovered that your portrait was the chosen companion of his lonely hours, and is indeed the only picture that occupies a place in his study. In looking at this resemblance, I missed the wonted smile which I (you may remember) am so well pleased to recognize in your face. It has, however, a more poetical aspect, and I was reconciled to the artist, by the reflexion, that an image which is constantly to remain in the temple of friendship, ought rather to inspire reverence than kindness and affection.

Kleist shewed me some prose essays, consisting of maxims, in the manner of Rouchefaucault, all excellent in their way, but tinged too deeply with misanthropy ; on which account, I, who am in a better humour with the world, ventured to arraign the justice of his sentiments. Take no notice of this when you write, for I am not sure he would approve of my mentioning the subject.

I come now to our little Ramler, who is by Jupiter the first *born* son of Horace. His emendations of

Kleist's Spring are incomparable, and you might justly complain that he has hitherto failed to communicate them for your perusal. I am charmed with Langemack, whose *bon sens* and wit, like the sun emerging from a cloud, is the more welcome from being unexpected, and soon dissipates the prejudice an ungracious exterior had created against him. Whence happens it that Sulzer did not please my taste? I have seen him but for half a day, when according to Ramler's remark, he even surpassed himself. With Bergius and Hempel I have conversed so little, that I can only tell you I foresee they will please me greatly. I have some cause to complain that none of my acquaintance have introduced me to Sack. Yet once more, let me not forget to mention Walter, with whom I have spent most of my time, and who has not only wit and taste enough to satisfy the *few*, but (what I value still more,) facility, and good nature to conciliate the *many*.

I can give you no account of a croud of other acquaintance, on whom I have looked like a bride who from a hundred specimens of dress, selects a few for closer observation, then tries on, goes to the glass, criticizes and compares, and finally dismisses the finery, of which she keeps but little.

And now will you be longing to hear something

of my female friends. Patience—you ought to be pleased. That the women here possess more mental and personal attractions than the dames of Saxony, and more virtue than they gain credit for in Halberstadt, and such little towns, this is very evident.

You really said too little for Miss Dietrich, when you merely called her sprightly and agreeable; she has an understanding of the first order, and the most amiable disposition; by the way, it is whispered that you, provoking female conqueror, durst not venture during your visit to betray the least susceptibility to tenderness, lest your virtue should be in danger.

This girl has conceived a high esteem for your character, and were you once in our circle, might surely smooth some of your difficulties in the choice of a wife.

Of Ramler's love adventure I really know nothing worth communicating; he has perhaps affected to give the affair a more serious cast, to have the credit of being an enamoured hero. And here, if you will allow me to digress into a reflexion, I would observe, to vindicate the nobility of love, that all men, whether ardent or frigid, wise or foolish, either are, or affect to be, subject to its magnetic influence.

LETTER XLIV.

From the same to the same.

Berlin, 10th October.

I have something to communicate which gives me great regret: a misunderstanding having arisen between Sulzer and Ramler on one side, and Sucro on the other, which has been attended with the usual consequences, that of inducing both parties to lose sight of justice. You are well aware how strongly I was prepossessed in Sucro's favour, and may therefore imagine my surprise and vexation to find his superior merit so little understood, being here admired only for those conversational powers which give zest to society. Even Ramler himself is not free from this prejudice; and I can scarcely extort a patient hearing when I avow my own favourable sentiments with the warmth and enthusiasm natural to my character. I was pained to observe that the first coolness might be traced to certain critical strictures on a *literary undertaking*, which excited the spirit of ambition in one party, and I know not what spirit in the other; but friendship was the mutual sacrifice. Does not this almost authorise us to say, that even the best men have little more than speculative *bonté*

du cœur, and that there is in the passions, as in death, something to bring all men to the same level?

Yet one remark, and I have done. The sentiments of friendship hold in reality but the rank of aliens and subalterns in the human heart; they are cherished whilst they coalesce with nearer interests, or clash not with those stronger passions which are less generous, and consequently more properly indigenous to mankind.

Alas! my Gleim, are not these reflexions in the very spirit of misanthropy?

LETTER XLV.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Copenhagen, 30th October, 1751.

I might again accuse you, dearest Gleim, of neglect; there is now no doubt, no suspence, and you continue to aggravate my sorrow by your silence. If you missed my first letter directed to Colonel Cannebergs, you must at least have received the last, from which you would learn that the former was awaiting your arrival. I could almost

fancy myself too angry for reproach. Are you not aware how much I am devoted to you, and how willingly I would persuade myself of our mutual attachment? Could you not comprehend the feeling that prompts me still to ask for tidings of Fanny? and might you not now venture to communicate the truths you have hitherto withheld from mistaken tenderness? How unhappy shall I be if you have not already written, and if I shall still be doomed to count the days and hours till a letter can arrive. But of what would I have you write? You can surely guess that it is soothing to receive the assurance of your commiseration, and that it is necessary to my existence to hear of Fanny! I still love, nor can I cease to love; and since she so seldom favours me with a letter, you must for my sake engage her to write to you, and then transcribe for me whatever she has written.

Such is the boon I would owe to Gleim, and surely it is not too much to hope that he will scatter this poor twilight gleam of comfort on my dreary, desolate existence. Conceive if you can, the anguish of a heart like mine, when every murmur is suspended and every agitation suppressed. I sigh, but I no longer weep.—On recollecting the moments when I was accustomed to shed tears, I perceive there was still some

latent hope, and that the melancholy I then experienced was a luxurious sentiment compared with my present despondence. I see her in my dreams, I even see her more often than before, and constantly does she approach me with a cold yet not averted aspect. It was but last night that she thus appeared before me; her brother too, methought, was present, but spoke as little as he writes; yet his looks expressed indifference rather than aversion, and he turned from me to converse with strangers, of whom I had no remembrance.

Often have I wished that I had never seen her—never learnt to pronounce her name; I might then have attached myself to another object, and perhaps tasted the supreme felicity of mutual love. But it is now impossible! There are here many handsome girls, and I have scarcely perceived their beauty; nay, such is my indifference to their attractions, that I see them with as little interest as if they were of my own sex. Not one of them has the power to extort from me even those slight attentions which are the first symptoms of preference; my heart is steeled to every tender impression.

Fail not, my dear Gleim, to send me Ramler's and Spalding's address. I have received an answer from Bodmer, who mentions among other things, that a lady having translated for Voltaire

the finest passages from Haller, the French wit exclaimed, "*Oh que cela est pitoyable !*" I love my nation too well to submit with patience to a foreign yoke.

LETTER XLVI.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Berlin, October 18th.

You have to thank me for this quartette epistle, dear Gleim. It occurred to me that such a composition must afford you peculiar pleasure, and I immediately assembled all these worthy messieurs to concur in the undertaking. You know how anxious I am to contribute to your satisfaction ; do me justice, therefore, and thank me for all you shall receive.

Your

SCHMIDT.

Ramler writes.

It is time, dear Gleim, that an epistolary commerce should be established between us. I begin by writing to you on the subject of *your future beloved*, a subject in reality less difficult than it

appears to be. Schmidt prognosticates that in the grand article of marriage you will imitate one of the seven sages, called Thales, who on being importuned by his mother to make choice of a wife, exclaimed, "it is too soon." The discreet mamma suffered a whole year to elapse, and then returned to the charge; the son shifted his ground, and replied, "it is too late." But, dearest Gleim, these are subjects on which we can best dispute *vivâ voce*. Schmidt protests it is a breach of good manners to write so much. I must cease, were it only to appease his murmurs.

I am allowed to write but four lines, too little, surely, considering that this is the first time I have assured you of my sincere attachment. Every body is talking and buzzing around me, whilst Weiss looks over my shoulder to see that I do not exceed the measure prescribed; I must therefore break off, hoping soon to tell you I am unalterably
your

LANGEMACK.

Weiss writes.

Only see, my dearest Mr. Gleim, how little respect is paid to youth! I am expected to content myself with this pitiful space. I who love you—I who love you so much, and am more ambitious than all of them to be considered your darling

WEISS.

These messieurs are more wary than I expected, for I imagined they would vie with each other in pretensions to wit, which would have afforded me a glorious opportunity for turning them into derision; but they have overreached me by writing in a simple, natural style, and appear to be no less affectionately disposed towards you than your

SCHMIDT.

Ramler writes.

I resume the pen, but I shall write as closely as possible, to leave room for my friends to criticize and dispute on their several pretensions to *taste* and elegance.

Schmidt is somewhat too fond of mystery and concealment; he often recites verses without

mentioning himself, and very adroitly contrives to palm them on some other author; yet by all this elaborate address, extorts neither more nor less of criticism than he would receive for his own acknowledged productions.—I have used the first word that came to my pen; but I ought to recast the sentence, and say, that he lends his laurels to another bard. If he knew what I was saying, he would overwhelm me with denunciations in that favourite sentence, *It is a breach of good manners to write in company.* This very sentence he is now vociferating with such energy, that I begin to lose patience, and must certainly either out-talk or beat him.

RAMLER.

Mr. Schmidt abuses me before I begin—every one is railing at his companions, and complaining that he is defrauded of his share in the letter. I must yield to the torrent, and only say I am your brow-beaten

WEISS.

Schmidt writes.

Heaven be praised that Weiss has at length blundered through all he ought in policy to have concealed. Now shall the remaining space be all

mine own ; and so tenacious am I of the prerogative, that I protest I would not yield a single line even to a female pen. I have received your reproachful letter, and am not a little amused by imagining the compunction with which you would not fail to be visited on the arrival of my three sheets and a half, accompanied by the *Bramin inspiré*.

We think and talk of you continually. What can he be doing, the poor solitary Gleim, so far from his friends, and with no solace from a beloved maid ! Feasts and festivals cannot so completely engross his mind, but that sometimes in his lonely hours, he must sigh for our society ! ‘ Observe him
‘ in the solitude of his study, leaning on his arm,
‘ plunged in thought, yet not lost in abstraction,
‘ for whilst his eye rolls but on vacancy, his active
‘ fancy recalls the images of his absent friends, and
‘ thus fills up the pensive scene !* First, behold
‘ Klopstock, with feelings almost too sublime for
‘ participation ; next follows Kleist, whose heart is
‘ open as his mien, and who hates the world for the
‘ sake of his friends ; he is accompanied by Ramler,
‘ in whose eyes you may read a poet’s dream of
‘ love. But who is he, so fluent in speech, so arch,

* This passage is (in the original) in verse.

‘ so audacious, alternately sportive and melancholy,
‘ simple as a child, yet not without some wit and
‘ talent, some fire and enthusiasm ? You are by this
‘ time perfectly aware that this eccentric personage
‘ is called Schmidt ; and observe, he is unlike your
‘ other friends, who for a little while flit before
‘ your eyes, and then vanish from you like midnight
‘ spectres. Scarcely have you rejoiced in their pre-
‘ sence, when the approach of your housekeeper’s
‘ sober step destroys the whole illusion. Roused
‘ from the reverie, you complain with bitterness
‘ that you are deserted, and ask why you are thus
‘ left to ruminate in solitude ? Be consoled, my
‘ Gleim, Schmidt still hovers round the scene, still
‘ lingers near you, and for your sake alone.’

SCHMIDT.

Ramler writes.

Be a republican, or I renounce you, Schmidt.
We tolerate not a Cesar.

LETTER XLVII.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Berlin, 30th October.

You must really be ungrateful, to have never thanked me for the quartette epistle, when you have written to Ramler on the occasion, without vouchsafing a single acknowledgment to me, to whom alone you were indebted for that motley composition. So far is desert in this world.

Sic vos, non vobis mellificatis apes.

You have also written to Sulzer; a circumstance of which I was apprized by the thrushes I partook of at his table. I was so piqued with your ingratitude, that but for the sin of revenging it on the poor harmless birds, I should have refused to touch a morsel.

You must surely have been bewildered by the croud of epic poems which during the present month have poured forth like grasshoppers from the press. Klopstock's *Epoëa* has produced a most numerous progeny, who, as Bodmer would say, rush in swarms from the hive. Ramler predicts that it will soon be as discreditable to write, as not to have written, an epic poem.

LETTER XLVIII.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Copenhagen, April 9th, 1752.

I welcomed your letter this morning, ere I had left my bed, and had with it a long and confidential *tête-à-tête*. You might with some reason anticipate my reproaches; but in future, my dear truant, but ever kind, ever faithful friend, sin no more, and all shall be forgiven.

But where to begin? or rather, where to end? Strange as it may seem, there is a total revolution in my feelings, and I am no longer an outcast from happiness. The fact itself will be interesting to Gleim, and to that alone must I now confine my intelligence. To trace the cause or describe the progress of my restoration, is more than I can at present undertake to communicate. I may, however, premise, that it belongs not to my nature to be happy or miserable by halves; hence I so long remained the victim of sorrow and despondence, and hence having once discarded melancholy, I am ready to welcome happiness. You will be tempted to ask, by what agent the revolution has been effected? But once more remem-

ber, I am pledged to silence ; and it is enough for you to know, that I no longer claim your pity, and that I invite you to share as fully of my joy as you have participated in my grief.

You tell me of ———, shall I name him in this letter? No, I will not hazard my relapse. You mention something I am unwilling to believe—perhaps we are mistaken. If he loved me as much as I still love him, it must have been painful to him to write at this moment. It is difficult to conceive the nature of my offence. Once, indeed, it was my crime to be unhappy, but of that I am now acquitted. Had he been disposed to visit Denmark, with what open arms should I have received him ! But I am not destined to enjoy so sweet a satisfaction. In short, I am weary of forming conjectures, and have no alternative but to wait behind the scenes till his long monologue shall end.

You may remember, my friend, it was an honourable feature in Pope's character, that he never celebrated a reigning favourite, but reserved his praises for independent patriots, or discarded statesmen, for those who had never basked in a Court, or who had voluntarily retired to the philosophic shade. It is this part of his conduct that so strongly inspires my esteem, and renders him the idol of my imagination.

In addressing a poem to the King on his Queen's death, I simply followed the impulse of feeling of which it was but the spontaneous effusion.* Jealous of my honour, and anxious to escape the suspicion which Mr. Sack supposes me to have incurred, I had long resisted the dictates of my own heart, and disappointed the expectations of my Danish friends, when I took the resolution to communicate my scruples to Count Bernstorff, who patiently examined, and finally obviated them to my perfect conviction. You must love this great man, who deserves to possess the esteem of such a mind as yours. How comprehensive is his understanding, what intuitive wisdom in his decisions! what rectitude in all his actions! He has this winter married a young lady from Holstein, who reads and relishes Sévigné. I commonly dine with them once a week, and am frequently admitted to the Count's library, which is also his cabinet. He has purchased beautiful editions of the English poets, and I have for some weeks been studying English in Young.

I am also on terms of intimacy with Count Rosenberg, the Imperial Envoy, an excellent

* The Princess Louisa of England, a daughter of George the Second.

man, in the flower of life, rich in social feelings, and a passionate admirer of English literature. It would not be difficult to extend my acquaintance with the diplomatic corps, if I chose to depart from my rule of waiting to be sought. I am a frequent visitor to Count Ranzow, who has an extraordinary understanding, and, in common with us, is so devoted to English, that he has even suffered himself to be converted by Young, because he is an Englishman. The Ranzow family have long been celebrated for their talents, and for an almost too singular cast of character. (*A Ranzow without wit* would be a prodigy).

What would you say to my visiting you this summer? and if Kleist and Ramler could be drawn to our party, how delightful would be the meeting! All this is within the limit of possibility; and yet the good old friend of the good old Mécenas says,

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere.

Ah, my dear Gleim, if I had not long since renounced the luxury of wishing, how earnestly should I at this moment wish for the privilege of transporting myself to you!

LETTER XLIX.

Klopstock to Cramer.

Hamburgh, July 3d.

I know not whether this letter will find my Cramer at Blankenburgh, which I hear he has been lately visiting; but I feel peculiar pleasure in the idea of greeting him in that smiling region of poetry, which our elder bards have consecrated to immortality. I know not a scene that could better harmonize with the intelligence I am about to communicate, and which, if Giseke did not betray his trust, will, I think, occasion you no less surprise than pleasure. But where to begin, as was said long since by the wise Ulysses, who had not half so pleasing a story to relate? I recollect a simple distich, which may serve for the prologue of my tale.

I love my Clara, and Clara loves me.

Poor dear Cramer, you are just as wise as before, for how should you guess who Clara is? With the addition of another word, indeed, the problem would be solved, and that word I promise, you shall discover in some corner of my letter. In the

mean time I must whisper, that towards the end of last year, I suspected my passion for Clara, and as this suspicion gained ground, could not always so far command my feelings, but that they occasionally escaped in my letters. At length, I could no longer suffer in silence; and here you ought to read our correspondence, of which I will only say that Clara writes just as Sévigné would have written, had she corresponded in her youth with the man she loved. At length then, I ventured to avow my sentiments, and since last December I have not been without hopes, though mingled with the thousand doubts and uncertainties which create the solitudes of love; but it was not till within a few days that this suspence was wholly removed, and that I was permitted to confide in my own felicity.

And now what more shall I say, my sweet Clara? Say it for me. Suppose our Cramer sitting there, and listening eagerly to our tale; speak you but two words, and tell me what I shall write.

‘ Klopstock will take no denial; but that I
‘ must tell you how much in the short time that
‘ I have suffered him to believe I loved! (for ho-
‘ nestly, my affection might be dated long before)
‘ how much in that short interval I have learnt to
‘ outdo him in love!’

To outdo—what does the girl mean? This is the constant subject of debate between us, and one on which I most tenaciously maintain my pre-eminence. Yes, in love I am surely incomparable! but this girl fancies, because she is called Clara, she may assume to herself whatever merit she pleases; and truly I cannot but admire her audacity in bringing forward the disputed point the first time of addressing you.

And now let me speak for myself. How blest, how supremely blest have I been for some days—a whole month of unalloyed felicity. I should not conceive this to be possible, but that I feel it to be true. Once more, I am nothing; the overflowings of joy are as little to be expressed as the agony of grief. If you, however, can tolerate this wild carol of the heart, I can chat with you a little longer.

And now shall I enumerate my Clara's names? She is called my girl—my Babet, and Clara, and half a hundred synonyms, my Clarissa, my Beloved, (the favourite appellation) and lastly, to sum up all in *one word*, she is my *Moller*. Yesterday there came on an inexpressibly sweet little word between Moller and beloved. Shall I tell you this too, my Cramer?* No. It is time to close a letter which

* This name must have been Meta.

has already run out to an unconscionable length, considering that my Clara is at this moment sitting at the same table.

LETTER L.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Hamburgh, 8th July, 1752.

My dearest Gleim,

In the first place I refer you to Cramer's letter, which will, I think, repay you for the trouble of going to Quedlinburgh; in the next place I must tell you, that I am happy beyond all expression; that I love the little Moller, of whom I wrote to you a year ago, that she returns my affection, and is the loveliest and dearest of her sex. This includes all I have to say, and all my Gleim will wish to know.

Postscript by Meta Moller.

Would you ever have suspected that the Moller of Hamburgh should be this happy being? No—no, never could you have supposed that Klopstock would chuse such a simple girl! Oh! if you but

knew how he is adored—how it exceeds every thing, even Klopstock's own heart, yet not much neither, for indeed he loves me truly! Are you not surprised that I write this to you, who do not even know me? but I cannot resist the impulse—Now that Klopstock is gone out, and can I no longer talk to him, it is such a sweet privilege to talk of him—and this is it—he is here—he returns—and I am

Your servant,

META MOLLER.

You must not scold Klopstock.

Non, non, il ne faut plus écrire. Mesdames les Sévignés vous tourmentez bien, les pauvres hommes, qui se mêlent aussi d'écrire des lettres. Ah, mon cher Gleim, voilà donc ma résolution prise. Je n'écrirai plus le Messie. Tous mes odes sont finies.

My dear Gleim, I vented my agony in French, since the question was of Sévigné.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LI.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Quedlinburg, 31st July, 1752.

If you knew how your general chapter has annoyed me! It is for so short a time that I can hope to stay in your neighbourhood, and I have such an ardent desire to spend some part of it with my own family. Come to me, if possible; I must positively enjoy you more than one day, though you are too indifferent to worldly things to wish for more of my society. But, after all, shall friendship, *such as ours*, be classed with worldly things? Write at least, if you will not come.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LII.

Meta to Klopstock.

8th August, 1752.

Return, my Klopstock, return—let me reclaim thee as my hostage, or shall I say my master? No matter which—if I but sit by thee, and listen to thee, I can be well pleased to remain thy captive.

Oh! how dull and dreary and tedious have I found these days of absence; not that I had to complain of unkindness—no, it was not that I suffered, but that I was not permitted to enjoy. Nobody talked of thee. I was in a beautiful country, and how little it availed me, since I saw it not with thee. I was in what is called good company; but since I have tasted of thy thoughts, and become familiar with thy perfections, I have lost all relish for inferior society, and find an intercourse with ordinary beings irksome and insupportable. I was dead to the gaiety of my companions, and though there were some young foreigners, who would fain have drawn me into conversation, I had scarcely the complaisance to reply to their questions. Was I to blame for sullenness? Oh! when I no longer heard thy voice, nor was even permitted to

pronounce thy name, what remained but to think of thee ; and how could I bear to part from that only solace ! Had they but left me to myself, had they allowed me to enjoy my own quiet meditations, I could still have been *almost* happy, but some officious stranger was for ever invading my sanctuary. The dismal weather kept us all together, and having no better resource than cards, we played from morning till night, nor did I then regain my liberty. I slept with another lady, and though I constantly carried in my pocket a pencil and a sheet of paper, could never find an opportunity to write a single line. Imagine how this must have aggravated my chagrin and impatience ! Oh, how poor is all without thee, and with thee how sweetly is the absence of every other pleasure supplied !

Fain would I persuade myself it must cost me some effort to renounce all to follow thee—for methinks I should be proud to make some little sacrifice for thy dear sake ; but, in truth, I can claim no such honours. The amusements I shall relinquish are not only indifferent to me, but irksome in the extreme. Here, in thy absence, with a thousand changes of pursuit, a single day drags so heavily, that I could almost fancy it a livelong year ; whilst with thee, without ever crossing the threshold, or casting a single glance towards the

world beyond it, the moments pass so sweetly, that the day scarcely seems to have been a single hour. Oh, return, my Klopstock, return, that is all I can say.

What will be our privilege, when the lapse of time shall have cemented our sacred union, and we shall have passed years together without having experienced lassitude and languor for a single day! It is true our pleasures must lie in a small compass, for we shall find them in each other; but yet shall there be a *something* better than ourselves—an affection dearer than friendship, an influence the world cannot give—to inspirit, to animate us, and supply a constant source of interest and delight. Am I not right, Klopstock?

I would reply to your letter, if my soul was not too full. It is so long since I wrote, and I now feel I have so much to say, that I cannot bring myself to order or measure. Do you chide me for being tedious? no, you will not chide, so I may give free course to my pen.

Whilst I was at Stollingen, it was one of my sweetest anticipations, that on my return I should find a letter from you. Imagine my transports, when I found two, and one for the —, which was almost as precious as mine own. Thou, sweetest bard—long was I thy votary ere I ventured to think thee my beloved. Hear what oblations I

will offer for every line, of which I have been the theme. Yet—no, for all thou hast ever written thou mayst claim, and shalt receive my worship. For the odes, first—I bow to the ground, and make my low obeisance; for the Messiah I kiss thy feet; for every line inscribed to Fanny I hail thy name. Ah! Klopstock, often do tears steal from mine eyes when I reflect on all you were condemned to suffer in those hours of sadness and despondence. I can but too easily comprehend what were then your bitter feelings. Would it were my privilege to bestow a recompence! I must not yet aspire to such felicity—it is a privilege reserved for the wife, and at some future period may be mine. Yes, my love, I dare challenge you to have even wished for a kinder wife than you shall find in me. And now am I tempted to relate an anecdote of my childhood, with which you may perhaps be amused.

I have already told you, that at thirteen my character was nearly formed; this at least is certain, however you may be disposed to smile at my wisdom, that I began seriously to speculate on future life, and to sketch plans of conduct for the single or married state. I shall not trouble you with my various judicious schemes, on the supposition that I should remain a spinster; but on the

chance of becoming a wife, I made many deep reflections, and composed, perfectly to my own satisfaction, a system of domestic management, including the care of my household and the education of my children. But, above all, I delighted to trace to myself the proper mode of conduct to be observed towards a husband. And then, in these meditative reveries, did I imagine myself united to precisely such a being as I have since discovered to exist, when charmed with the picture of my own fancy, I exclaimed to my companions, a husband should always be treated with a certain *douceur*, but this *douceur* must be wholly unstudied, and flow so freely from the heart, that it should be impossible not to shew it in every look and accent.—Doubtless, my Klopstock, it is only with such looks, such accents, I can converse with thee.—What say you to this *raisonnement* of thirteen? I still adhere to the same principle, though I have learnt to abridge the explanation, and to sum up all, in this obvious truth, *the wife must love her husband*.

See how I prattle, and with as much assurance as if I was leaning on your shoulder, and every other moment stealing from your eyes an approving glance! But in your last, you have so sweetly encouraged me to prattle, that I am

now bold enough to say any thing, so implicitly can I rely on your constancy and love. I would fain know whether my affection were capable of being increased. I should wish to think so; but then must I also think I am capable of loving more at one moment than another; and this I feel loth to believe.

I love your parents and sisters so dearly, that I almost suspect I prefer them to my own. It touched my heart, that your father so kindly inquired whether religion constituted my supreme delight? I thank God, you could answer the question with a safe conscience. Will you not, indeed, soon return? I grieve to draw you from your own family, but yet should I grieve still more, if you were by them drawn from me.

META MOLLER.

LETTER LIII.

Meta Moller to Gleim.

Hamburg, 3d November.

You might well think I should not write to you; but my indisposition affords some excuse, and Klopstock's presence is an ample sanction for beginning a correspondence; prepare, therefore, to receive a letter, on what subject you will easily guess; indeed, I should be wholly incapable of writing on any other. How happy am I—how supremely happy in Klopstock's love! Yes, my whole soul is now poured forth—I can proceed no farther. I have an ineffable consciousness of felicity and affection; but where find words to express such feelings—Klopstock himself has them not. I am, indeed, not quite so happy as I was a few weeks ago, when he was always with me; he is now often absent. But I submit with patience to the occasional separation, for it is not inevitable—and do I not know that he will come to us again—and do I not feel that it is necessary to my health to keep my mind tranquil? and how sacred is the motive to watch over my own welfare, when I

cherish myself for his sake! Then I am rewarded for these efforts by his correspondence; and though a letter is poor, compared with the original, it is better than any thing else this world can give.

Will you not soon write to me, Mr. Gleim, of some beloved maid, or do you persist in the idea, that a girl must have been created for you alone? Well, cherish that thought, and be assured you shall some day meet with the object of your pursuit! Since Klopstock and I have discovered each other, I take it for granted that every one may find his proper counterpart. It is thus I encourage my female friends, who since they have known the author of the Messiah, seem to despair of ever meeting with another Klopstock. But how little did I think when I first heard of his existence from Giesecke, and knew him only by his odes and the Messiah—how little did I then believe he had the very heart I secretly aspired to possess—still less could I dare to hope that heart was destined to unite with mine. How widely were we separated, not only by place and connexion, but by peculiar circumstances, which seemed to form a gulph between us. Oh! doubt not but I shall some day visit your home with Klopstock, when I shall find you, like him, happy and beloved.

Shall I confess I am half angry you did not accompany your friend to Hamburgh ; for ought I not to have seen his Gleim, whom he perhaps holds almost as dear as Clara? And who knows but on the journey, or in our circle, you might have discovered your other self! We have in Hamburgh many amiable girls, one of whom might have been selected for your love,

Your are so much Klopstock's friend, and therefore mine, that I do not hesitate to use with you as with him—the subscription of

Your

CLARA

to be

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LIV.*Schmidt to Gleim.*

24th January, 1753.

I cannot but admire our dear Klopstock's invincible propensity to love, having just learnt from his sister the new romance, which has led me into many sapient reflexions on his extraordinary destiny. Surely, he and I were born under the same planet; we are both so liable to tender impressions, that we seem, in this respect at least, to have but one soul. Let me here whisper, that if I did not religiously abstain from pleasantry on the subject of love and marriage, I should be tempted to retaliate by a little raillery for the severity with which he has sometimes condemned my sportive sallies. But, hush—not one word of this mischievous impulse. I have written to Miss Moller with all the seriousness and propriety the occasion demanded, and shall hope to be favoured with an answer.

What say you, dear Gleim, to this universal propensity to enter the conjugal pale. Here is Klopstock on the eve of marriage; Schlegel too

is already married, and to a girl with whom he has every reason to be satisfied. Shall we also, yourself from inclination, and myself from—really, I know not what sentiment—shall we look around us to discover a future helpmate? Be assured, we shall not fail to meet with candidates for our affections. We poets are artists, and by the creative power of the imagination, can mould every object to our wishes; and it seldom happens, but that our mistresses are indebted to us for their highest perfections.

You promised to bespeak for me Miss Moller's good opinion, and I shall expect you to keep your word.

Why did you not mention the name of the author of *Chess*, a poem that in style of composition is incomparable. Let me know whether it is an imitation of *Vida*, or of the 15th canto of the *Marino Adonis*.

SCHMIDT.

LETTER LV.

Meta Moller to Gleim..

Hamburgh, 5th May, 1753.

When you recollect how lately I expressed my desire to see you a happy lover, you will not doubt of my joy on finding my prayers accomplished; nor should I have had the patience to defer so long to offer you my heartfelt congratulations, and to wish you every possible felicity with your *Mayerin Gluck*, had not Klopstock insisted on our writing a *joint letter* of friendship and gratulation; but *he*, my poor Klopstock, is so much occupied in collecting subscriptions for the Messiah, that he has not a moment to call his own, and I am resolved to wait for him no longer, though I too, am in my way so overwhelmed with petty occupation, that I am always expecting to be summoned from my pen. Even a short letter may, however, suffice to assure you of my cordial participation in your pleasure.

As an *accepted* lover, you are intitled to look forward to an approaching union, and the only wish I can breathe for you is, that your happiness may be as permanent as it is now complete. Shall I tax you

with treachery to a certain damsel of your acquaintance? 'Twas a trick for which I could almost be disposed to chide you. When you sent the odes, for which I am truly thankful, you told the bearer I was Klopstock's bride elect. Now this was *mal-à-propos*, for our engagement neither is, nor, for particular reasons, can be made public. Oh, pray whisper it not in future to any one who is not Klopstock's most intimate friend, and therefore mine of course. And now farewell.

META MOLLER.

LETTER LVI.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Langesalze, 19th May, 1753.

What will you think of me for having so long delayed to wish you joy? when from the time you were declared bridegroom elect, you assuredly received congratulations from all your other friends. For myself, so singular is my character, that I have preserved sullen silence till you are on the very verge of the altar. I presume the object of your choice is a pretty lass, still in her teens—

(that lovely season of docility and innocence,) peace and purity, are imprinted on her brow; yet is she sufficiently intelligent to delight by her conversation, as much as she captivates by her countenance. At present she is your pupil, but doubtless destined at some future period to revise and correct your manuscripts—to inspire your songs—and preside like a tutelary angel over your poetical compositions. By heaven, you are a lucky man! Yes, I plainly perceive you have engaged the favour of the little winged deity, who perhaps from gratitude for your tributary lays, has thus showered on you his choicest joys. Since you are on such good terms with the capricious boy, let me beseech you sometimes in your orisons and thanksgivings, to breathe a few kind prayers for your poor solitary bachelor friend.

I have a thousand questions to ask; but you ought intuitively to anticipate and spontaneously to resolve them. You will easily conceive that I long for the story of your love from beginning to end, and that I do not authorise you to gloss over or omit a single passage in the whole interesting Iliad. I am possessed with the spirit of a critic to discover the real state of your heart, and shall spare no pains to become acquainted with all its multifarious feelings. Marriage, like death, produces an irrevocable change

in the condition of man. The bridal pledge involves as many mysteries as the grave. Whilst we are single, we speculate in a thousand ways on the joys and griefs of wedlock ; but the wedded are no less inscrutable than the dead. Not one of them returns to give any certain intelligence of the happiness or misery which exists beyond that state of probation. How gladly should I receive in a dream some intimation from your righteous spirit, to fortify my faith in this ideal felicity!

Is it not necessary to add, that I long for a minute description of your fair bride—not one line must be omitted—not one feature overlooked. Is she apprized of my existence, and in what shape am I presented to her mind?

SCHMIDT.

LETTER LVII.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Langesalze, 21st July, 1753.

Truly I know not why, ungrateful as you are, I should take the trouble to arraign your silence. You are a vile heartless wretch, without either taste or feeling to embrace an opportunity to afford me pleasure. Be assured, I am so exasperated by your neglect, that all the expressions of indignation I have hitherto used, are mild and tender in comparison with what I think, and what I keep in store against you.

What say you to this vehement exordium, dear Gleim? Is it not enough to make you tremble for what may follow? But come, to appease your terrors, I will graciously remit my wrath, and, perhaps, even resume with you something like the tone of cordiality and kindness.

But seriously, what can be the reason that you have not deigned to return me some answer? Was it that my sportive style was ill-suited to the se-

rious occasion? In that case, you must frankly pardon the levity—it will be at least four or five years before I enter the married state. A period so far distant, that I see no necessity for assuming the sombre looks appropriate to the solemn occasion. But admitting that the contemplation of marriage is no less awful than the prospect of death, (to pursue my old comparison between them,) still it is my intention whenever I shall receive my doom, to exhibit rather the gaiety of the Emperor Adrian, than the stoical majesty of the patriot Cato. Both these men are celebrated for the manner in which they quitted life. I trust I shall not fall short of the graceful model I have chosen for imitation, and that in the trying moment of my espousals, I may sing, with a smiling face, the appropriate invocation,

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Quo nunc abiris in locis.
Pallida, tetrica, lucida,
Nec ut ante dabis jocos.

What think you of these reflections? Will you take it amiss if I have sported with them in a former letter? What will you say to my having taken the liberty to write to your young bride? Will you not pronounce me an impudent fellow?

will not your wife be ready to do the same? and yet I fear not that such reproaches should fall from her lips,

Non is vultus in illa,
Non ea nobilitas animo est, ea gratia formæ
Ut timeam.

I take it for granted, your marriage is over, otherwise what could have a more ridiculous sound than the title of *madam* with which I have greeted your beloved, a title which by every girl who deserves not the honourable distinction, must be considered as a reproach.

Once more let me conjure you to send the history of your love. You have so often derided the artifices of the little cunning boy, that I cannot doubt he has adopted some singular mode of making you sensible to his revenge. Little as he appears qualified to assimilate with warrior, it is impossible not to detect in his character, a striking resemblance to that first of heroes, the impious, vindictive, inexorable Achilles.—I should not be surprised to find, that he had dragged you three times round your lady's dressing-room, and that, assisted by thirty or forty cupids, armed with cuirass and buckler, he had inflicted on you some signally terrible chastisement.

Terribilem que hostem, multa tellure jacentem,
Mirantes spectant. Nec jam contingere tutum
Esse putant, sed tela tamen sua quisque cruentant.

Then all approach the slain with vast surprise,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And scarce secure, reach out their spears afar,
And blood their points to prove their partnership in war.

DRYDEN.

SCHMIDT.

LETTER LVIII.

Schmidt to Madame Gleim.*

Having at length ascertained that you are shortly to preside in my friend's house at Halberstadt, and that, consequently, I may hope to pay my respects to you, I conceived it might not be improper, previous to my intended visit, to furnish you with a description of my person, and thus prevent the surprise and consternation with which you might otherwise be overwhelmed by my sudden appearance. Imagine, then, on some early morning between the hours of five and six precisely, at

* It will appear that Gleim was never married—he was, however, once on the eve of being united to a young lady whose caprice inflicted on him the pangs of disappointment. The nuptial day was fixed, and Gleim actually received several letters of congratulation at the moment he was suffering the most cruel mortification.

the happy moment when the most delicious visions are hovering over your pillow—imagine at this critical moment, that a little strange figure suddenly enters your house, and audaciously penetrates to your apartment; a *little figure* observe, not quite so tall as poets have described the tiny king of the fairies, who are seen by some privileged beings dancing by midnight in the yellow moon-beams;—to return to the intruder—a brown periwig bounds a yet browner visage, which wears the full livery of night, perhaps purposely to conceal the traces of the small-pox with which it is cruelly disfigured. He is enveloped in a white riding coat, whilst an arch laugh draws his lean back into many folds. This little lean figure, with the pitted visage and long riding coat, is, with shame I confess it, alas! no other than my poor unhappy self. And yet, is it my fault that I possess not a more engaging exterior? I have at least a consolation from the thought, that being now perfectly aware of my deformity and insignificance, you cannot possibly mistake me for some frightful phantom you had beheld in a dream, which really to one so perfectly conscious of human existence as myself, would be absolutely insupportable.

The description of my character will be as concise as that of my person has been long and ela-

borate. It is comprized in frankness and sincerity a propensity to mirth and pleasure, a little mixture of pride, a keen relish for raillery and loquacity, and above all a susceptibility to the tender passion.

What will you say, with such a figure can there be any susceptibility to love?.. Alas ! Madam, it is too true, that nature has acted with injustice in not steeling my soul to amorous impressions. I adore your sex, with the more fervor from the despair of exciting any correspondent emotions, yet the rectitude of my intentions has produced some compensations for an untoward destiny. I have committed no depredations on the female heart, no robbery of the affections lies on my conscience, and yet have I sometimes awakened tender prepossessions which have secured advantages that might excite the conqueror's envy. Either my harmless countenance, or my helpless figure, has procured the choicest dainties for my palate ; and there has never been either maid, or matron, in my friend Gleim's house, who did not, if possible, allot to me the best of whatever she produced on the table.

SCHMIDT.

LETTER LIX.*From Meta Moller to Gleim.*

Hamburgh, 5th September.

I shall always have a grateful sense of your kindness in sending me Klopstock's portrait*. What was my joy on its arrival! with what rapture was it welcomed every day—with what caresses cherished every hour! I must tell you I have contrived to place it in a position to be visible from every part of my chamber; and, oh! how often are these eyes turned to that spot! I will confess I miss in it the looks I have been accustomed to steal from Klopstock's eyes—that peculiar expression of his countenance which seems for me alone; yet still am I (all in all) delighted with the resemblance.

I would fain send you a copy of this portrait, but (alas, for Hamburgh) I know not a single painter to whom I could confide the task. I shall, however, endeavour to ascertain which is the best

* This portrait, for which Klopstock sat at Zurich, was purchased by Kleist, and by him presented to Gleim, who parted from it to afford Meta some consolation during her lover's absence.

of those who are all below mediocrity, for even a bad copy is better than none. Gieseke has related to me the history of your late disappointment, on which I forbear to make any comment, lest I should recall your own painful recollections. Yet do not imagine I can believe you will suffer the levity of one girl of whom you had seen too little, to have any well-founded assurance of her affection to inspire you with an illiberal distrust of our whole sex. Were it possible to entertain a supposition so injurious to your character, I should consider the exception attributed to myself, as a very equivocal compliment; but I have too much respect for your discernment, and too much confidence in the goodness of your heart, to admit the suspicion for a single moment. I should rather expect, that experience would lead you to renounce the little arrogant opinion, that a girl is to be known and won in one quarter of an hour.

I have now so much reason to be satisfied, that I should feel it presumption to ask for any blessing I do not already possess, and trust I do not breathe a wish that is not tempered by the spirit of resignation.

META MOLLER.

LETTER LX.

Meta Moller to Gleim.

Hamburgh, 9th March.

At length I have it in my power to transmit the copy of my Klopstock's portrait.

You are well aware, that if I have so long hesitated to perform my engagement, it has been with the hope of discovering a better artist. This expectation has not been gratified, but little as I am satisfied with the substitute, I can withhold it no longer. Even the original portrait but imperfectly conveyed the sweet engaging expression of my Klopstock's countenance; in this copy he has actually a sullen brow. Remember, my dear Mr. Gleim, you have an undoubted right to reclaim your picture companion whenever I have the *original friend*; and this change now appears at no great distance. Never shall I forget your kindness in so long submitting to the privation for my satisfaction, and scarcely can I forgive myself for having so long left you to solitude. Absolve me, however, from all intentional neglect, and believe me

Your constant friend,

And for a short time,

META MOLLER.

LETTER LXI.

Meta Klopstock to Gleim.

Quedlinburg, 30th July, 1754.

This is the first day that I would venture to write, since I could not sooner tell you the vile fever had left my Klopstock. It is needless to expatiate on my own joy, and yours can scarcely be less, for you, it seems, profess to vie with me in affection. But I will not now wrangle with you on this point, as you seem disposed to cede to me the preference. With all my love for Klopstock, I will not assume too much superiority over you; but then remember, to maintain your ancient rights, it is necessary you should assert them in person; in other words, why cannot you come to visit us, when my husband is sufficiently recovered to enjoy your society? To tempt you farther, I promise you shall take my place beside him, and talk to him as much as you please. I shall not, however, relinquish my own pretensions to the title of prattler, a character I commonly support with Klopstock, especially when you, *my rival*, are not by. Well—do but come—and come soon, and we shall all be satisfied.

And now am I irresolute whether to thank or to scold you. To be sure, I cannot but say I am obliged for all that you have so liberally sent to gratify the *palate* or the *taste* ; but still, I could find in my heart to chide you for never forwarding a letter without certain accompaniments. Do I need such tokens to certify that this comes from Gleim ? Are not your epistles dearer than the books composed by other men ? If you would but indulge us with a new ode—but there, you are a downright niggard. Well, well, you shall some day be convinced I am not to be affronted with impunity. What, if I ask you to repeat some verses, and then contrive by help of a good memory to make them pass for my own property, will not this be charming revenge ?

On Monday we expect Gieseke, and on Thursday se'nnight Gartner and his wife. What a dear little communion of friends ! But where is Gleim ? where is Klopstock's darling and Clara's rival, and why comes he not ?

META KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXII.

Meta Klopstock to Gleim.

Quedlinburg, 7th April.

We promise ourselves the pleasure to visit you early on Monday morning, and to remain with you till the evening. My husband is in such ecstasies on the occasion, that he cannot write himself, and therefore allots to me the task of notifying our intention. I partake of his delight, and shall certainly accompany him, without taking time to enquire whether you would rather have him all alone. But be not alarmed, my presence shall not prevent your engrossing Klopstock. This liberal concession I am induced to make, partly from pure good will and partly from impatience of obligation; and I would have you consider it as an acknowledgment for a certain beautiful peach I lately received, without referring to former favours. Remember then, it is agreed that you shall constantly sit by Klopstock; you shall have his eye, his ear, and smile on him and whisper to him as often as you please. And now, are you satisfied? See what a dignified man you are, and what deference you inspire in our sex. To another I might perhaps have promised, he should have

the honour to kiss my hand, and proud enough had he been with the gracious condescension ; but to you, the immortal bard is alone acceptable.

My husband has told me twenty times to conclude. It afflicts him to see me writing so long a letter, and I perceive it was not without design that he gave me such a shabby scrap of paper. Well, well—I will not thwart his pleasure, I conclude therefore your

CLARA KLOPSTOCK,
Mr. Frederic Klopstock's Secretary.

LETTER LXIII.

Schmidt to Gleim.

Langesalze, 11th April, 1754.

The sight of your letter and the renewal of your former friendship was to me like the apparition of a person I had once loved, and who, to bless me with his presence, was permitted to revisit this terrestrial sphere. You must not, however, from this funereal comparison, be so unjust as to suspect I ever included you in the number of those

friends I had lost for ever ; I should rather compare the lethargic torpor in which your friendship has remained for the last two years, to the death-like sleep in which the tender warblers of the woods are supposed by us, unscientific naturalists, to be buried during the ungenial months of winter ; and as the first warm breath of spring rekindles life in their little feeble frames, in like manner I was persuaded, that whenever your heart regained its wonted tone, the first impulse would be of kindness, and its spontaneous effort restore to me your native affection.

I understand Klopstock's bride is such a creature as one might be proud to make a friend. Pray tell me, if she really possess all the attractions with which his poetical imagination invests her ? or to put the question in a more tangible shape, tell me whether you would have wished that your wife should be precisely such another ?

You have without doubt read the consolatory reflexions addressed by ——— to Mr. Secretary G—— on his late disappointment. Many circumstances in the tale appear to me clouded with mystery, and I would bet ten to one that you will never resolve the enigma. I know you dreaded me of yore, and for that reason always withheld your luckless history.

My poor Gleim! it would perhaps have been noble magnanimity to spare you that dolorous exclamation, and yet so well do I like to be my own echo, that I cannot resist the impulse to reiterate my poor Gleim!

You have no right to be offended, since your own conscience can testify that your reserve towards me has incurred a worse penalty.

Klopstock is married, Sucro is married, and ought not such examples to inspire the most pusillanimous with courage? I for my share will tell you in confidence, that I am not now at such an infinite distance from the perilous time, since the noose is actually cast on my neck, and I here apprise you of my intention to suffer myself to be drawn with heroic constancy and resignation.

SCHMIDT.

LETTER LXIV.

Klopstock, the Father, to Gleim.

Quedlingburg, September 27.

Had I a horse at my disposal, I should not fail to see you this very day, to learn from your own lips, how far our opinions coincide respecting the reprobate fiends in the Messiah, whom I have always considered as analogous to men who live without God in the world, men addicted to various fancies, full of malice and wilful blindness. It is to confront such men, and to expose the fallacy of their opinions, that I would repair to the arsenals of history and theology, and enlist in the cause morality and criticism. I have often felt a strong impulse to proclaim to the world, that these scoffers are not Christians, and that they delight to grovel in ignorance and to dwell in darkness.* Let us not be dismayed by the importance of the subject, but support each other in the arduous conflict; we are not children in knowledge, and have already advanced beyond the porch of science; why then should we postpone for any other

* Klopstock, the father, had planned some theological work, in which he was to be assisted by Gleim.

task, or delay to any future period, the examination of a subject which has such vital influence on the heart?

There must be for this, an appointed time and season; a manly consistent resolution surmounts every difficulty; I repeat, there must be an appointed time and season, the cause admits not of delay.—Are we not impelled by love, reverence, and gratitude, towards him, who is our creator and benefactor? Are we not prompted by good will and charity for our fellow creatures, to snatch them from the adversary of God and man? Are not these considerations sufficiently powerful to animate us with zeal in the cause of truth and piety? When shall we meet to commune together on this subject, to the exclusion of every other? I am little in *dulce literario otio*, but will hold myself ready to obey your summons. I want chiefly to speak of the plan of our future essay—were this once arranged I might immediately proceed to the undertaking.

I am anxious to know whether you approve of writing a discourse between two, three, or at the most four persons, who should sustain their part of the argument in a manner appropriate to the assumed character?—we could produce a fund of satire with a poignant rubrick. There can be nothing new under the sun—this method or form

of the dialogue is both ancient and modern ; the reciprocation of sentiments and opinions enlivens the work for the reader, and in some degree facilitates the labour of composition to the writer. I mean not to dictate, I merely submit the idea for future consideration—the student, the schoolman, the imitator, the newsmonger the *tartuffe*, the freethinker, are all characters—give them what names you please.

I am now ready to close my sheet, which I will do with the hope that you may be induced freely and reciprocally to communicate your sentiments. What a satisfaction is it in thinking aloud to find that our thoughts are sometimes unexpectedly in unison—the symphony Dero, with my ideas, was to me the most delightful harmony—yes, such is the blessed use I have made of the Messiah. From the reflections it inspires, I have been led to put more trust in God, the aspirations of my soul have ascended to him with more fervent gratitude, more confidence, more devotion—I have wept with joy—ah trust me—no freethinker can be equally a judge of its beauties—the heart that clings to sordid dust is incapable of feeling the mysteries of heavenly love.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXV.*Klopstock to his Father.*

January, 1756.

The Dunciad is at length arrived—it is certainly strong.—Ernst informs me it is attributed to Lessing—but I am fully persuaded the real author lives in Switzerland.* Cramer says, “if the hero of the Dunciad (whose name I would not willingly mention, so much is he the object of my contempt), if this man have any feelings left, he must certainly have recourse to the first rope to escape from infamy.” I am impatient for the arrival of Zacharia’s odes—it is not a little mortifying that we have here to wait so long for the perusal of new publications.

The great European earthquake has, you may well imagine, excited great alarm and uneasiness in the country. By the majority, it is however considered merely in relation to the temporary losses and impediments it has occasioned to trade; it should rather be contemplated as a remarkable

* The surmise was just, the author’s name was Wielrad, he lived with Bodmer.

manifestation of divine providence, thus offering an awful warning to Europe. Our Cramer has delivered on this subject a discourse, which has been since published by the King's order, with another on the prevalence of profligacy and dissipation. In the ninth canto of the Messiah, you will find the description of an earthquake (introduced as a simile), which may be supposed to have been suggested by the calamity at Lisbon, but which was, in reality, written two months before that tremendous event.

KLOPSTOCK.

Note.—In the year 1756, Klopstock and Meta visited Hamburgh; they kept a journal of the voyage; but, as it contains little to interest the reader, it is omitted. The following extract, however, is excepted from the general condemnation.

Klopstock writes.

I am just come from the deck, where I have been amused by tracing a comparison between the cabin boy and the dog. They have certainly many points of resemblance; both are at once strong

and submissive, faithful to their master, and obsequious to the passengers. The dog is never permitted to put his paw into the cabin, however wishfully he may look towards it. The boy is not equally restricted; but whenever he enters, it is with his cap under his arm, as if he begged pardon for the intrusion. In one respect, there is a considerable difference between them, for at the approach of another vessel, the dog barks and the boy laughs; the former receives his meals later, for no sooner has the skipper helped himself from the kettle in which every thing is cooked, than the boy takes the offals from his plate, and the poor dog must patiently wait to pick the bones.

LETTER LXVI.*Klopstock to his Father.*

Hamburgh.

At length I begin a letter amidst the distractions which have often forced me to lay down my pen. My pleasures are all damped by the reflexion that I shall not this time see you and the dear inmates of your roof. My life flows on serenely, and is often happy—still am I sufficiently reminded it is but this world—much indeed must be wanting to my felicity when I am estranged from you.

I shall continue to communicate whatever occurs, and I always write from the impression of the moment. The King, who is to all that approach him an object of reverence and love, has often experienced how sweet it is to exercise the affections of his benevolent nature. He lately came to Hamburgh to see the principal streets of the city. The people gathered round him in such crowds, that the royal guard was soon separated to a considerable distance from his person. The throng increased—scarcely could his horse move through them, and he himself was often

obliged to remain stationary. The people pressed forward to the horse, clung to the stirrup, kissed the King's feet, "incessantly shouting our Father, our King, God bless him ;" the name of father and friend continually intermingled with the rapturous acclamations. The King, on his part, saluted the people, thanked them for these demonstrations of affection, and then besought them to desist, but still kept his hat off, though a heavy shower was falling at the time.

KLOPSTOCK.

Meta writes.

Here I am in Hamburgh, well and happy. It is pity I cannot enjoy my husband and family at once ; but since I must resign one of these blessings, I do not hesitate to follow him, who is more to me than all the world besides.

META KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXVII.

Klopstock to his Parents.

Copenhagen, 1st September, 1756.

I would not apprise you of our intended departure from Hamburgh, lest you should be exposed to anxiety on our account. We commenced our expedition on Monday, with delightful weather, but in going to Lubeck, had, I believe, to traverse the worst road in Germany. We arrived there in the evening, completely fatigued, but our correspondent having engaged a carriage to proceed to Travesmunde, we had only to transport ourselves, bag and baggage, from one vehicle to another, and resume our journey. It was already twilight, and our driver, who was certainly the greatest booby that ever attended a civilized being, soon contrived to miss his way, and to blunder into a wood, where the barking of dogs alone announced that we were in a peopled neighbourhood. Guided by these signals, we dispatched our clown on a saddle horse to explore the way, and he soon returned with an assurance, that we were still in the right track, and within a cannon

shot of Trave. From this intelligence we were induced to hope that we might notify our approach to the ferry people, and accordingly began shouting and hallooing with all our might. At first we were flattered with an answer, but soon discovered that the supposed response was nothing more than a beautiful echo in the wood. Having exhausted our strength, we again dispatched the clown, who after two tedious hours, finally succeeded in bringing the ferry people to our assistance. After the usual details, we embarked, and at five in the morning commenced our voyage.

It had been my intention to keep a journal of every thing that occurred during the passage; but we failed to procure a cabin for our separate accommodation, and had to share a small table with seven other persons. At about twelve, the clouds gathered, and suddenly portended a tempest. I was the first to announce it to the captain, who in a few minutes ordered the sails to be lowered; but scarcely was this performed, when the storm descended with awful impetuosity. I was at first dismayed, but soon became composed, and having exchanged a few words with Meta, returned to the deck, where I stood clinging to the mizen mast for support. And now appeared the sea in all its terrible majesty—every moment the waves rose higher, and struck with greater force against

the vessel. We descried land, but the wind blowing from thence, were still tossed at the mercy of the waves.

In this perilous moment my soul was penetrated with gratitude to God, and impressed with unutterable hope and affiance in his protection. Tears started to mine eyes, whilst I repeated in a low murmur the solemn hymn, ‘ Lord of the wind and waves,’ and had a secret ineffable satisfaction in dwelling on those sacred words. In the meanwhile, the tempest continued, but with no augmented violence. The captain steered for the land, and as we approached the shore, the fury of the waves subsided—the roaring of the winds died away. We again furled our sails, and soon glided through the deep with that fleet celerity which is so delightful to the impatient voyager.

Towards evening we cast anchor on the Spitze of Falster, or, as it is called by the sailors, the Green Sands, where in a safe commodious cove, sheltered by the wooded cliff above, we had to wait nearly two days for a friendly breeze. At length the elements became propitious, our sails were once more filled, and the balmy softness of the air drew every body to the deck, where we long watched the cliffs of Moen,* or gazed on Krieden-

* See note at the end of the volume.

berg, whose picturesque beauty might have captivated an artist. It is an additional attraction that the Kriede Erde, which had previously appeared but as a faint line of wood projecting to the sea, opens all at once to the delighted eye. In the evening we anchored on a point of Zealand which lies under Anmack, this navigation being a part of the voyage which is always performed by day light, to ensure safety. In the morning we resumed our course, and soon after met an English ship in full sail, with which we exchanged a cordial greeting. Two hours after, we passed a Danish ship of war, just returned from Morocco. The soldiers and sailors assembled on the deck saluted us with loud huzzas, which even a Princess must have endured, had any such exalted personage been of our company. We landed in the evening, and on Thursday go to Lingbin, to remain during Count Bernstorff's absence.

Meta is still reposing from her fatigues ; for myself I rose at seven, having slept perfectly well during the voyage on the bare planks, and made seven meals per day.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXVIII.

Klopstock to his Father.

Copenhagen, 8th Nov. 1756.

The state of your health, dearest father, of which I was yesterday apprized by my mother's letter, has filled me with unutterable solicitude. It is, however, some consolation to reflect, that the rupture of a blood-vessel is not so alarming at your age, as when it takes place at an earlier period. May God preserve your life—it would pierce me to the soul to think I should never see you in this world again. I have long, and, indeed, ever felt you were inexpressibly dear to me, my beloved, my honoured father; yet I now endeavour to force myself from the thoughts of your danger, and to leave all to God, the supreme disposer of human events, by whom they are all directed and superintended in wisdom and in love. I must write no more on this subject, but have entreated Olde* to transmit his opinion on your case.

Let me now inform you in what manner I

* Olde, a celebrated physician mentioned in the early letters

have been lately occupied. I am writing a tragedy, called Adam, but I have also undertaken another work which I consider as my second vocation. It is my object to compose a series of songs for the worship of God, a task which is, in my judgment at least, as arduous as any I could have attempted; since it is necessary without departing from the dignity of religion, to conciliate popular feelings, and to keep on a level with the most ordinary capacity. Hitherto it appears to me, that these devotional essays have been blessed with success—I have already composed hymns for all the holy festivals (Christmas excepted) adapted to the melody, ‘Lord God we praise thee.’ Many of our best spiritual songs I have only altered, some are recomposed. I shall soon transmit to you specimens of both.

KLOPSTOCK.

Postscript by Meta.

The account of your illness, my dearest father, is no less afflictive to me than to your own children, for you are my dearest, best, and now only father. Ah, I suffer doubly—for myself and my husband. Never have I seen Klopstock in such a state as he has been in since the arrival of yesterday’s letter. May God support you all under your present affliction, my beloved mother, my sister, my brother.

META KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXIX.*Klopstock to his Mother.*

Copenhagen, 18th November, 1756.

You will better conceive than I can describe, with what feeling we received the intelligence of our father's death. Thanks for your kind precaution in communicating it through the medium of a letter from Gieseke to Cramer, which spared us the shock of seeing the black seal. It was on the Saturday that Cramer came to us; and on the Sunday your own letter arrived. I would not now open our wounds afresh.—What has happened was the will of God—blessed be his mercy, that he granted to our beloved parent so sweet and serene an end. Much happier is he now than we are—the Lord's name be praised.

Whenever you are sufficiently composed, my dearest mother, to controul the anguish of your soul, we beseech you to write all the particulars of his death. My younger sisters might indeed perform the task; it is good for us to dwell on the memory of such scenes; nothing is more salutary to the soul than frequent meditations on

the grave. In asking for this minute account, I mean the most trifling circumstance, any thing and every thing that impressed your mind at the moment. I will, however, point out some few subjects on which my soul yearns for communication. In what apartment did he breathe his last? Who was chiefly with him during his illness? Was he, from the first attack, persuaded that his hour drew near, or at what time was the fatal conviction impressed on his mind? I feel assured that he did not fail to remember his absent children, who then and still so dearly love him; but with what words, in what manner did he mention them? I trust we shall so live, that the benediction of his departed spirit may rest upon us.

My anguish is now somewhat allayed, but sorrow will long remain in my heart. How much did I love him! I have of late often thought of his revered mother, who first implanted in me religious feelings, and of his father, the venerable John Christian: now are they all re-united in the sacred peace of eternity.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXX.

Klopstock to his Mother.

Copenhagen, Christmas Eve, 1756.

I still feel a quiet deep seated grief; God has given me the grace to be thankful for my father's happy death: but a soft and tender sorrow mingles with those feelings. I have this day been at once touched and soothed by the repeated perusal of your letters. I had hoped to see him at least once more in this world, and was often willing to believe, that he would reach a good old age. But it has pleased God to decree otherwise.—*His* thoughts are not our *thoughts*.—Your minute description of his death has very much affected me. I know not whether I could have borne to witness his end; yet had I been able to command so much fortitude, I should have been much edified by so sacred an example. Now is he much happier than his children, and we should be grateful to that God who has called him to his peace and immortality.

How much do I wish it were possible that I should take on myself the charge of my sister's education; but I am myself in very straitened circumstances.

KLOPSTOCK.

Mrs. Klopstock died in 1756. From that period the correspondence is almost exclusively confined to Klopstock and Gleim. The following letter is the only one in the collection from Gleim to Schmidt, to which it does not appear that he received any answer.

LETTER LXXI.

Gleim to Schmidt at Eisenach.

3d February, 1760.

To tell you, dearest Schmidt, that I still exist, and that I am still as much attached to you as I was ten years ago ; to ask whether you still live and are still my friend ; to learn all this, is a sufficient motive for writing ; nor can I possibly omit the opportunity of once more making the enquiry by a messenger who is going from hence to Eisenach. Oh ! if you retain any recollection of the time when you addressed to me such affec-

tionate letters, and if you would restore to me the invaluable privileges I then possessed, what a cordial would you administer to my heart, which since the death of my best friend, my incomparable Kleist, has been consumed with silent grief. I have already sent you one letter, which, like this, was entrusted to the care of a special messenger. But he returned without bringing one line in answer to my enquiries. Could you reconcile yourself to such total neglect of the man to whom you have so often repeated that you were his best friend? Perhaps your sister has not wholly forgotten me. If you can no longer give me your own friendship, have at least the goodness to assure her, that my esteem for her is as permanent as my affection for her brother has been unalterable.

GLEIM.

LETTER LXXII.

Gleim to Klopstock.

Halberstadt, December 6, 1762.

I sent you a thousand benedictions this morning, whilst musing on a passage in the Messiah—It was to your spirit that I offered them, dear Klopstock, and methought it discoursed to me of Socrates.—Oh! that you might be a Socrates to your heart, under its present trial*, and that your health may escape uninjured by care and suspense. I find it impossible to divest myself of apprehension; I must have ceased to love the poet and even to adore his sacred muse, if at such a crisis I could make my mind perfectly easy.

The men with whom we have to communicate are of a character, but too widely opposed to ours in opinion and sentiment.

* This and the following letters referred to an attachment Klopstock had formed for a young lady of Blankenburg, who was not insensible to his affection, but her family opposing the union the poet was finally obliged to relinquish the pursuit.

My thoughts are occupied night and day with one subject, and I hold nothing so dear as the accomplishment of your wishes. To have shewn less anxiety and more indifference to some of the party concerned would have been my honest counsel, had this been a case in which counsel was either asked or admitted; yet, for heaven's sake, suffer not yourself to be too much discouraged by these suggestions, nor suspect that I withhold unwelcome truths. I have not concealed from you a single thought—you should best know whether my fears are groundless—they are perhaps the mistaken suggestions of a too officious zeal, and have gained access to my heart by friendship and affection.

GLEIM.

LETTER LXXIII.*Klopstock to Gleim.*

Blankenburg, December 15, 1762.

Dearest Gleim,

You have returned the ode without a single line, a neglect I have the more cause to complain of, as I had so lately replied to your former letter. You have aggravated the offence by not meeting me at this place on the day of my arrival; but you surely will not add to such manifold transgressions that of not writing to apprise me of our friends return from the Chase.—The father has sent his sister a letter, in which I am mentioned in handsome terms, but the idea of the distance and the separation again crosses over his mind, and recalls his former repugnance. I beg, or rather I need not beg you, not to breathe to one human being a hint of my Dona's sentiments. Whilst things are in their present state, our correspondence cannot be too carefully concealed from the world. With less disposition to be hypochondriac, I should certainly have a fairer chance for happiness; but still it

would be ungrateful not to acknowledge that I should be eminently fortunate if not finally unsuccessful. I have spent here eight days, and constantly perceive in my lovely girl new capacities of affection, and every disposition to render me perfectly happy.—She has hitherto been somewhat reserved, and hence as her shyness wears away, I have constantly the pleasure to discover in her something new.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXXIV.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Quedlinburg, April 15.

Dearest Gleim,

It is no small satisfaction to have gained some certain intelligence respecting your retrograde movements. I concluded you were gone to Berlin to celebrate the restoration of peace. I have continued to linger at Quedlinburg without once venturing to Blankenburg—not that my sweet maid has caused me this chagrin; the blame lies in another quarter—however the affair is a second time approaching the crisis.

My dear Tante niece,* what follows is for you exclusively, and be sure not to give Gleim a peep over your shoulder.

You are perhaps not aware what sort of a letter I have received from your dutiful nephew—had you seen it, you might have been tempted to think that I and not the horse was the aggressor; for my part, fair Clara, I would not have written such a letter to a friend for the sake of any horse, no not even for a courser trained to run at the olympic games, with *his* life and *my* honour depending on the contest. And now a truce with the subject—only this let me say in self-defence, I was as innocent as your spotless self of the sorry beast's misdemeanors; it was only by dint of the strongest incentives that I brought him to a trot.—A slug, had he belonged to me, I should soon have made him fly with the velocity of a woman's tongue. Having once stumbled on the comparison, let us take leave of the horse for a more attractive theme. Pray how do you relish the image? I had not forgotten the wings of love, but surely they are too old and too much worn by use.

Do you not know that the spring pays a more

* One of Gleim's nieces who resided with him at Halberstadt.—See Muller's letters.

early visit to us at Quedlinburg than to you in shadeless Halberstadt? If you have acquired so much knowledge, Clara, pray turn it to the best account, and intice your nephew to attend you hither.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXXV.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Minsdorf, August 12, 1763.

I have, it is true, spent here a considerable time, simply because I am pleased with Messrs. ———, and because hunting and rural recreations are highly favourable to my health. I shall be this evening in Quedlinburg, where I must spend at least some days. But I shall soon seek you in your garden, (renouncing Stillstadt or any other town,) and see that you drink the waters, and like a careful physician, watch over your health; and provided you be dutiful and docile, as becomes a good patient, I may perhaps resume my literary labours with Solomon or the Messiah.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXXVI.*Klopstock to Gleim..*

Quedlinburg, November 3, 1763.

It is somewhat strange, in the very act of receiving one acceptable favour to demand another; I am not often disposed to be thus importunate, but to day I happen to be in a rapacious humour, and I must and will have a snipe.

My reason for the demand is as follows :

For the first act of David one partridge.

For the second act ditto

For the third act a snipe.

This last act, be it known to you, was begun but this morning, and yet is considerably advanced. It was not till my return from you, that I entered upon the third tragedy. Are you not startled at the number? By casting the fragments I had previously prepared into a regular form, I had in a manner to recommence my work, to which I have regularly devoted every morning, till to-day.— Since I have touched on the subject I can scarcely resist the inclination to sound David's praise—but yet I will resist the impulse.

Your courier waits, my horse is also saddled, and exercise is to me indispensable after study.—Do not think I reserve all my gratitude for the partridges—I am equally obliged for the review—I am not conscious of having imitated either the *Œdipus*, or the *Philoctetes*. You shall not find in David the tyrant of Thebes, though Sophocles is my darling.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXXVII.

Gleim to Klopstock.

Halberstadt, January 23, 1764.

Winkelman is out my friend—it costs nine dollars, and will take some time to be read through—all the better. Winkleman and Klopstock ought to be such writers. Alas—but Klopstock, (you comprehend that alas, my friend,) need not write much, and still is there much to be read.—Resewitz ought to be our Plutarch, and teach us to read Klopstock—I would myself perform the task if I could.—I should at least make the attempt if I had time; and surely I may assume the merit of possessing one important requisite, that of understanding my Klopstock. It was but this morning I said to myself, *If he wrote but for one alone,*

for whom should he so properly write as thee? This Plutarch must be found. An Addison is as much wanted by the Germans as the English, to make them sensible to the beauties of their epic bard. I was reading to-day in the Spectator, and as I read, I could not help thinking in how many exquisite passages of his Messiah my Klopstock had surpassed Milton.* I defy you to be proud, and therefore scruple not to avow all I think and feel—for need I fear you should mistake me for a flatterer? No, you are convinced I am none.

I have reperused your strictures on the Greek quantities; were you to prefix strictures on Iambic verse and on lyric measures to your Solomon and your odes, you would supply a fund of wisdom to the critics; for trust me, dear friend, critics there are, and proud ones too, who know nothing of the matter. I here send you some ingenious essays by the author who translated Aristotle on the Art of Poetry. You will find in him a flagrant example, that with scholastic knowledge and profound erudition it is possible to be the worst of poets.

* It should be recollected that this extravagant assertion is made by a foreigner, who could scarcely be supposed competent to appreciate Milton. Gleim was always lavish of praise. In a letter to Muller he says—*ce n'est pas Winckelmann qui peint Apollon—c'est Apollon qui parle par la bouche de Winckelmann.*

LETTER LXXVIII.

Gleim to Klopstock.

Halberstadt, 6th February, 1764.

Nothing, my dear friend, nothing can I suggest to excuse your silence. It is not that the post-master is so dilatory, or that you are so diligent—it is not that you have the expectation of seeing me at your own house, or the intention of visiting mine. No, there is no cause—no plea. It should seem that you, my friend, my sworn brother, had entered into an engagement to vex me to death.

I have told every body I thirsted for a letter, and yet no one brings me one drop from the living well of friendship to allay my thirst. Oh! perverse sons of men! even the Klopstocks are corrupt. I might say with Cato, ‘the world was made for Cæsar.

How much longer will you remain in this neighbourhood? By and by you will scarcely give me a thought; write you surely will not. Does it then afford no gratification to you *great poets* to correspond with your friends? or is this a pleasure of

too low a cast for your sublime nature? It is a melancholy truth, that ten years ago you were more warm and more ingenuous—you were, in short, all *feeling*—ten years hence you will be all *reason*, cold, calculating *reason*. Oh! this fatal reason is always opposed to my wishes, dear Klopstock.

Ramler has addressed a beautiful ode to his muse. It will please Klopstock, thought I, and without more reflexion, I took a copy from the bookseller. But how little does that forgetful Klopstock care for my gratification? since he has never been kind enough to send me his odes, conscious as he must be, that I should have been too happy to transcribe them.

It is reported that the King * has invited Mr. Lange to Berlin, to preside at the German Academy. Mr. Lange is not only a poet but a naturalist, a chemist, an agriculturalist, and the friend of Quintus Icilius.†

The King, as becomes the father of his people, is anxious to see his country embellished with the bloom of peace, and will probably listen to any feasible plans for its cultivation and improvement. To Berlin, at least, Mr. Lange is gone—that is

* Frederic the Great.

† Charles Gotheb Guiscard, the favourite of Frederic.

See the end of the volume.

certain, and certain it is, there exists not in the world a man to whom you have given so much provocation as your

GLEIM.

LETTER LXXIX.

Klopstock to Gleim.

1766.

I do not think, dear Gleim, I can to you transmit any more welcome intelligence, than the assurance that I have enjoyed perfect health during the winter, and that I continue to walk and write with constant punctuality. But, tell me, are you seriously interested in the progress of my Essay on Quantities? It has not always been so—and I have repeatedly suppressed an inclination to consult you on the subject, from the persuasion that you took too little interest in the research to have any relish for the disquisition. I shall, however, be but too proud to find myself mistaken, and require but half a word of encouragement to resume my communications.

Is not the composer of Ramler's Berenice the

same Krause who, in common with many other absent and departed friends, occupies a place in your study? It is long since I have heard any thing so excellent, so exquisitely gratifying to my taste, as this charming piece. Surely Krause must have dreamt that he was in a Grecian temple consecrated to music,* and listened in fancy to the divine strain of Alcæus. Imagine with what enthusiasm we should have discovered such an ode in the Herculaneum; with what tears of rapture should we have snatched the text from the crumbling ruins? Gerstenberg and his wife sung the Neuen Griechen,

————— Nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus.†

I listened till I could have been almost extravagant enough to realize the image. What simplicity, and yet what richness in the composition! how full of beauty, and to me of novelty! And now must I tax your friendship to bring me immediately into a correspondence with Krause on the composition of my Strophes. It is my design that he shall set them to music. As I suspect Krause is under circumstances which render it necessary

* See note at the end of the volume.

† Now lighter dance the mazy sound.

FRANCIS'S HORACE.

he should direct his views to emolument. I shall use all my influence to procure him a present from the King of Denmark. You have but to bring about the correspondence, the sooner the better—for *Ars longa, vita brevis*, as Hippocrates long since said.

It is an eternal shame, dearest Gleim, that you will not have recourse to exercise for the re-establishment of your health.

The following prescription is specific in your case.

‘ 4th March, 1766.

- ‘ Three hours of recreation in the morning, two
- ‘ in the afternoon.
- ‘ Good society.
- ‘ A hearty breakfast.
- ‘ Item, copious draughts of the northern breeze.
- ‘ Pursue this course eight days successively.

‘ *Probatum est.*’

Alas! poor Gleim! to recommend this to you, is to discourse of colours to the blind.

Is it Mr. Grillo’s intention to translate the whole of Pindar? It appears to me, he should rather make a selection of the finest odes. Were Pindar alwaysequally great; it is not possible his ideas should excite in us the interest and enthusiasm they in-

spired in antient Greece. Mr. Grillo's translation, though in many parts admirable, is sometimes liable to serious objections. He is too literal—too rigidly Pindaric in the epithets; nor can I discover whether he writes in Dithrambic verse or prose.

I have communicated to Mr. Grillo my sentiments on the subject, the frankness with which I stated my objections being proportioned to the interest I feel in the success of the undertaking.*

KLOPSTOCK.

* See the note at the end of the volume.

LETTER LXXX.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Copenhagen, 20th December, 1767.

The friend and the poet thanks you for the versified Adam ; * but recollect you are a little contentious, and that a single word sometimes brings on an argument, which I must at present avoid, not having half a word to spare. I will however venture to say, that in two places you have expanded the thoughts, which was contrary to my judgment. But, absent man, you seem to have lost all recollection of the conversation that passed between us in the anti-room leading to your cabinet, that very apartment where you see the white hangings and luxurious curtains. It was there that I besought you not to think of versifying Adam—besought you perhaps too earnestly, since you answered, ‘ be not alarmed on this subject, the task is much too difficult.’ I am however convinced of your friendship, and grateful for the motives which prompted the effort you have made.

* Kotzebue informs us, that his dramatic genius was first excited by seeing Klopstock’s Adam represented at Weimar.

You ask for literary intelligence; but from hence what is to be expected? We have here no erudite scholars, no disciple, no master, no schoolman, (if the term of master savour too much of pedantry.) We live in primitive innocence of criticism and controversy, satisfied with enjoying our own opinions, which we reserve for our slippers and easy chair, and never communicate, much less publish, to any but intimate bosom friends, like Alberti and Gleim.

Gersternberg has produced an Ugolino, which is in my judgment excellent, and I have the satisfaction to reflect, that I encouraged him in the undertaking. Ugolino is already forwarded to the care of *Lessing* for the press.

Since I am thus chatting with you *tête-à-tête*, I must whisper in confidence, that I am revising Hermann's Schlacht, a bardit which is one of my pets, both because it is in honour of our forefathers, and because it flowed warm from the heart. In composing it, I neither placed myself on the classical tripod, nor ascended the critical rostrum. I adopted the simple maxim, that a national song should interest those to whom it is addressed, and wrote with the impression that every thing in honour of the *father-land* ought to touch the soul! Hermann's Schlacht will soon have a twin sister in Hermann and Ingamar. I cannot say, that the

head is already fixed on the shoulders, for I am working at it according to my usual laudable custom, piece by piece, and two thirds of it are finished.

My odes, to which you have shewn such favour, shall soon be transmitted to you in print or manuscript. Wherever mythology is introduced, it is the Scandinavian, or in other words, the mythology of our fathers. The long ode on my friends has a place in this collection, under the name of Wingolf. I take it for granted, you have read the extract from the Edda in Mallet's Northern Antiquities. A blooming sisterhood of odes, twelve in number, are ready to drop a curtesy to Gleim, and beg an oak leaf, (to the laurel such German damsels have no pretensions.) Gleim accosts the first by asking her name, and so continues to do with all the maids successively, each of whom is prompt in saying, "I am Braga—I am Hermann," till presently I begin to perceive they even forerun his interrogations.

And now, my dear Cheruscan,* (yes, you boast of blood as pure as mine,) I take it for granted, you know we are solely indebted to the Cheruskans, who opposed and overcame Varro's legions, for the privilege of preserving our own native language, instead of using, like the French, a broken Roman

* See note at the end of the volume.

dialect. If you bear this mind, I may now, methinks, challenge the oak leaf, with which I began the sentence. And now must I let you into a little artifice I have used in the bardit of Hermann, which to none but an old Cheruscan would be intelligible. To say the truth, I contrived it solely for myself and you, intending it shall remain a secret between us*. I have chosen for Hermann to be born on the very cliff where Henry the Fowler lies buried. Let us hoard up this little secret which can only be tasted by you and me.

Do not suffer yourself to become so idle a correspondent as I am. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," Still I hope from you better things.

KLOPSTOCK.

* See note at the end of the volume.

LETTER LXXXI.

Gleim to Klopstock.

Halberstadt, 3d April, 1768.

Never has my Klopstock addressed to me such a letter as that of the 9th December, 1767. *You know you are apt to be contentious, and that one can scarcely hazard half a word in opposition to your opinion.* Contentious! how came this word from my friend's pen? how could he apply it to his Gleim, who, if he were capable of deserving the hateful imputation, had at least not incurred it from Klopstock, with whom he is proud to sympathize, and to whose approbation he is accustomed to refer as to a standard by which to measure the propriety of his own decisions, and to confirm the rectitude of his judgment? With regard to your supposed prohibition to versify Adam, I swear by our holy friendship, my dearest Klopstock, I have not the least recollection either of that or any of the other concomitant circumstances alluded to in your letter. In support of my assertion, I can

produce the testimony of Resewitz, to whom I mentioned my metrical interference. When I urged you to attempt the versification, you declined it, as too difficult a task. I, on the contrary, considered it so easy, that to obviate your objection, I undertook it myself, with the firm persuasion, that my offered services were not rejected.

With regard to schools and schoolmen, far from wishing to enlist under their banners, I have for their cavils an undissembled repugnance, and my influence, if any I possess, is exerted in opposing their progress. In other respects, I live like you, in primitive innocence of criticism and controversy, and have my own private opinions, which I keep, like my nightgown and slippers, for my retired moments. The literary intelligence I requested from my Klopstock was no other than such as he is wont to communicate, as how far he has advanced with the Messiah, the odes, my old darlings—the treatise on Quantities, and the embryo tragedies.

GLEIM.

LETTER LXXXII.*Klopstock to his Mother.*

Bernstorff, October, 1768.

I hasten to give you the agreeable intelligence, that the Emperor has resolved to protect literature and the arts in Germany. I have but just learnt that such is his intention, and must withhold all other particulars till I receive a circumstantial account from Count Wellesberg.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXXXIII.*To the same.*

8th April, 1769.

You have probably learnt from the public journals, that the Emperor set off on the 4th of March for Rome. Having received no communication on the former subject, I am led to conclude no plan was formed previous to the journey. Im-

patient as I am to learn the result of the movement, I think it necessary to suppress any enquiry which might betray my private feelings. I consider the late delay as an indication that the affair is in progress, the Emperor must either remain passive, or act in a manner not unworthy of his character and the expectations he has excited*.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Copenhagen, 1769.

To my no small surprise, I lately read in a letter from my mother, the following passage: "Gleim says, Klopstock is no longer my friend," and I say, I wonder how such a preposterous idea could ever have been admitted to your mind. It might not perhaps be any extraordinary proof of friendship, that I ordered both the *Messiah* and *Hermann's Schlacht* to be forwarded to you from the press, but

* It does not appear, that any real advantage resulted to literature or to Klopstock by the issue of this negotiation.

it certainly evinced nothing opposed to friendship. I could communicate to you, dearest Gleim, many things in connexion with the last work, but must postpone it to another season, not from any want of confidence, but from a variety of causes which you yourself would allow to constitute valid excuses. At some future period, be assured I shall atone most amply for this involuntary silence.

And now a word or two of my sportsman-like excursions in the ancient forests of our language, of which, after daily labour, I still make a favourite recreation. Macpherson, the champion of the Bard Ossian, (Ossian observe, being a Caledonian, must have been of German extraction,) has promised to send me the Erse Melodies, answering to certain lyric passages of that great poet, by the help of which, I expect to reduce to a regular scale the metrical quantities employed by the antient bards. These little discoveries will not come amiss as auxiliaries to my essays, but you must not suppose they include the history of my campaign. That I have been a successful sportsman, you will not doubt, when I have had the honour to announce, that I have explored, pursued, and finally discovered the Anglo-Saxon, Cadmon, (the greatest poet after Ossian of Celtic antiquity), in the poems which bear his name, and that these

poems, are not as Hicks, and many scholars have supposed, mere imitations, but original compositions, in which only a few syllables of the old language are changed to the new.

Were you not, dearest Gleim, too incurious in these matters, I would give you all my interesting data to feast upon ; but who can feel so much enthusiasm to catch the accents breathed by another race of people in their Grecian Tempe, and yet never listen to one sacred whisper of the venerable paternal grove ?

I am a successful sportsman still, having farther discovered, (and truly the whole German world, from the commencement of this century might equally through Hicks* have made the discovery,) that there is a Saxon poem which deserves to be edited, entitled *the History of the Redeemer*, and that is the composition of a christian poet, almost cotemporary with Wittekind's bards. This history is as noble and poetical as was consistent with the beautiful simplicity of the original. Hicks places the poet in the reign of Charlemagne, and even ascribes to him a still higher antiquity. I believe I have ascertained his era from a passage in an historian who lived under St. Louis, and who mentions a poetical translation of the Bible which

* Dr. Hicks, the celebrated Linguist, author of the *Thesaurus Linguarum*.

that Emperor had received from a Saxon poet. The fragment commences at the birth of Christ, and is continued to the discourse with the young men of Emmaus. It contains many old *teutonic* roots; and among others some highly poetical words (which to us poor moderns were wholly lost), besides some rich lyrical quantities. I think to publish the work with an almost literal translation, illustrated by notes explanatory and concise. I am already in possession of some materials for this purpose, communicated to me by one of the King's* travelling attendants, and but for Lord Morton's death, should have procured the codex, of which I hope ere long to obtain a copy.

And now are you not disposed to acknowledge my patriotism, since it has even made of me (what without such agency it was impossible I should ever have been) a laborious scholiast? The grand design to which all my efforts have been directed, and to which all my labours are subservient, is to build up and embellish our native language. For this undertaking, the Saxon poetry supplies a rich perennial mine. We must take their images, their old original genius warm from the heart. Nor is it uninteresting to observe in what manner

* The King of Denmark was on a visit to England.

the Northern Germans wrote of religion soon after the period when Charlemagne preached conversion by the destroying sword.

Do you know, Gleim, that you, who are so apt to accuse me of silence, have left unanswered a letter as full of matter as this elaborate epistle? but I said to myself, it will not be unfriendly to write again. After such liberality I am surely entitled to an early answer.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXXXV.

Gleim to Klopstock.

Halberstadt, 17th August, 1767.

Warm with gratitude for the tribute which our sublime Emperor has offered to Klopstock—proud to find that he loves my Frederic, and my dearest friend, I write to request permission to have his picture, not that superbly set in jewels, for of what use should jewels be to me? but simply a copy of it, to introduce to my little temple of the Muses.* The Emperor is now my King's friend,†

* Frederic the Great, who was Gleim's idol.

† The Emperor had sent his picture set in brilliants to Klopstock.

and shall therefore have a place by his side. I shall introduce no other subject in this letter—having a petition to offer, it would be unwise to distract your attention.

GLEIM.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Bernstorf, 8th September, 1767.

If I cannot procure you a good copy of the Emperor's portrait, I will at least comply with your request, in sending it without delay. He surely loves your Frederic, and is reported to be growing partial to your Klopstock, an intimation which will, I know, contribute to augment your esteem; added to which, I might assure you, as the best argument in his favour, that his character is purely German.

How much should I have to communicate were we to meet again! But now leaving the temple, we must withdraw to the cabinet, and close the doors on every intruder. I am not a little flattered by your favourable reception of Hermann, for the *Cheruscan of the Buda* is, with reason, anxious to conciliate the *Cheruscan of the Selke*.

* See note at the end of the volume.

Apropos on this subject. In the course of my Teutonic researches, it was once my fortune to light on a passage which suggested to my mind a momentary suspicion, that I was not really descended from those illustrious heroes. On investigation, the apprehension vanished, and not a little was I amused at the panic it had created.

Gluck, of Vienna, an adept in music, who has been called the Poet of Composers, has given to some *Bardic Strophes* the pathos and force of truth.

I have lately commenced a correspondence with a female artist, resident in London, Angelica Kauffman, who promises me a head of Ossian, sketched from fancy, her own portrait, and a picture, of which the subject is taken from the Messiah; you may form some idea of the excellence to which this black-eyed girl has aspired, when I tell you that she demands for a portrait fifty guineas, and according to such remuneration, I have already received from her presents to the amount of 300l. sterling. I have another anecdote, which will I know be acceptable to dear, partial, enthusiastic Gleim. A travelling Hamburger lately saw at Verona, the History of Samna* beautifully represented in a series of pictures. I must now

* See note at the end of the volume.

transcribe a passage from a certain letter, which is submitted to your eye alone.

‘ Suffer me, most sublime object of the father-land,
‘ with gratitude to approach your august pre-
‘ sence. Long have your Germans glowed with se-
‘ cret emulation ; but from the moment that they
‘ are animated by your smiles, the enthusiasm
‘ shall kindle to a flame, and the native energy of
‘ their genius burst forth. Under such auspices,
‘ they shall no longer hesitate to confront their
‘ Gallic foes or challenge their British rivals ; sup-
‘ ported by your sanction, they shall even invade
‘ the sanctuary of classic literature, and wrestle
‘ with the antients in their own theatre of honour
‘ and glory. It will be for other eyes than mine
‘ to witness the splendour of their future achieve-
‘ ment—enough for me if I but see the combat
‘ commence, for which another age shall demand
‘ the triumph—if I but perceive the first spark
‘ struck in the noble conflict, and indulge in anti-
‘ cipation the sacred transports of patriotism and
‘ victory.’

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Bernstorff, 7th September, 1769.

Your present has afforded me no small pleasure—the odes are more in the manner of Gleim than Horace, and I rejoice that in this respect the title corresponds so little with the work. You must not translate. Admirably as you perform the task, I interdict that exercise of skill. The only language from which I can allow a German writer to translate, is the Greek. If I but think of a foreign yoke, my spirits kindle to a flame.

Indeed, my dear Gleim, you might have taken a better route ; * but you would not have found Herder with me—whither the pilot has carried him I know not, he may perhaps be quietly sojourning at Copenhagen. I know nothing of Jacobi but his letters, and what I have met with in literary journals. He understands the classics, but has somewhat too much of foreign cultivation. Is Ramler aware that in the best poem he ever wrote, he has accidentally deviated into originality? There

* Gleim had promised to visit Denmark.

now appears to be a cordial friendship between the Emperor and the King.* Oh! that they would rather think of the ploughshare than the lance.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Klopstock to his Mother.

Bernstorff, 16th September.

I had yesterday a most satisfactory letter from Vienna, in which I learn (among other things) that I have received permission from his Majesty to wear the medal he was lately pleased to confer on me, an honour which was before exclusively confined to Van Swieten, who is first physician to the Empress, and her most distinguished favourite.— That the person with whom I am thus associated should be Van Swieten is a favourable presage. Gleim can tell you in what estimation he is held by the Empress, and for aught I know by her imperial son.

KLOPSTOCK.

* Frederic the Great.

LETTER LXXXIX.*Gleim to Klopstock.*

Hamburgh, 5th September.

Two words with you my old faithful friend, you receive with this, the portrait of your venerable mother, painted by the first artist in our neighbourhood. The mother of Homer thought I ought not to be the last personage that an Apollo admitted to his gallery—then came Calau to me, and lo! the mother of Klopstock soon appeared on the canvas; you will find the countenance most happily seized; whoever sees it is struck with the likeness.

Surely, my dear Klopstock, you forget us all—how can I ever hope to chat with you again? I am now drinking the waters; I am constantly out of health, and oppressed with the thought that I shall not live to see the Messiah finished, or to read Klopstock's manuscript odes,—that dear Klopstock would be still more godlike if he suffered his poems to be transcribed by Gleim. What is Cramer doing—what Resewitz—what Gerstenberg? It is not without concern I make the last enquiry; since he has had a misunderstanding

with Jacobi, the most amiable of human beings—a man after Klopstock's own heart. It grieves me to think of this unhappy difference; let me beseech you to employ all your influence to produce a reconciliation between them; restore their former friendship and you will have a new claim on my gratitude and affection.

GLEIM.

LETTER XC.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Bernstorff, May 28, 1770.

You could not, my dearest Gleim, have devised for me a more agreeable present than my mother's portrait; but are you not aware that one favour extorts another, and that your kindness must expose you to fresh importunity? I shall be ready to quarrel with you, if you have not already divined, that the boon I now ask is your own portrait; indeed I know not why the painter should not concur with the engraver in embellishing your books. Just after the arrival of your present, I received one from Angelica Kauffman. It is an exquisite picture and sufficiently evinces that the fair artist

has studied Raphael with attention—the subject is the story of Samna; three figures are introduced, the first is the ghastly form of Samna, who is seated pensively reclining his head, whilst he grasps in his hand the urn of Benoni. Joel with tears in his eyes, appears a suppliant to John, who bends over him with an ineffable expression of pity and benignity.

This is not the only picture I have received from Angelica. I had entreated she would give me her own portrait in the character of Thusnelda*, and here she is attired in a purple vest, a quiver suspended over the shoulder, the arms almost bare, and encircled with wreaths of wild flowers, intermingled with oak leaves. I hope you do not forget that Thusnelda has blue eyes? but I would not suffer Angelica to change the colour of her own; and accordingly the Thusnelda she has sent me clasps in her arms a Roman eagle, on which her black eyes are rivetted with an expression of rapturous delight. I earnestly besought Angelica not to send the head of Ossian, as she had proposed to do, for how could I bear to accept of her such

* Thusnelda, a personage in Klopstock's ode of Herman and Thusnelda, in which she welcomes her warrior just returned from conquest, and presenting as the trophy of victory a Roman eagle.

magnificent presents, for which I could only offer thanks?

Now let me sum up all the treasures I have in possession or reversion. First, my mother's portrait from Gleim,—Secondly, Samna, from Angelica.—Angelica Thusnelda from Angelica.—Add to this Gleim's portrait from Gleim.—And I may well glory in my riches. Independent of these treasures Glover has sent me an edition of Leonidas.

I defer to another season my important reasons for considering Rosstrappe as the only Druidical ruin in Germany; it is sufficient for the present to state, as the result of many learned and elaborate researches, that the two bards of the Selke and the Buda (both native streams of the Hartz forest, and both celebrated in poetry) should concur in the design of raising a monumental inscription on the cliffs of Rosstrappe; but how and when, and by whom, this is to be accomplished, I must reserve for another letter.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER XCI.*Gleim to Klopstock.*

Halberstadt, September 14, 1778.

To reply to the two last lines of your letter, would require much more time and attention than I can at present command; and to confess the truth, I should have been better pleased, if, instead of the hint respecting Rosstrappe you had mentioned something nearer home—*something nearer, do you say?* Be not offended—my head is confused with a chancery suit. Of your odes, and your treatise on quantities, or your bards under Charlemagne, of all these, you said nothing, and these were the subjects on which your Gleim longed for information. With regard to the monumental inscription at Rosstrappe, I should have little difficulty in executing the commission, as we have in this town an excellent statuary, whose time and talents could not be more honourably employed, than in raising a memorial to the first poet of our age.

I called a few days since on my Klopstock's mother, who was even better than usual, and promised to pay me a visit next month at Halber-

stadt. Shall I never again see her son cross my threshold?

LETTER XCII.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Hamburg, April 15, 1771.

I am conscious I ought long since to have written to you, dearest Gleim—and it is but a sorry excuse for silence, to say that one is addicted to it. I am delighted with your odes; only it grieves me, that my dear German Gleim should still invoke Grecian gods.

It appears probable that what I have long predicted will soon take place, namely the loss of my Danish pension. I have received a schedule from the privy chamber, (I presume, by order of the royal cabinet,) in which are the following categorical questions, What is my age? For what services, and on what occasion I received my pension? What is my private property?

To these inquiries, if I allowed myself to obey the dictates of my heart, I should reply, that I looked not for the continuance of my Danish pension. Ought I not to anticipate the result of their

investigation, and may I not repose with confidence in the liberality and justice of my native country? What is your opinion? Unfortunately, however, as the ultimatum must be given on Thursday, your counsel cannot arrive in time to aid my decision. But I shall, at least, have it in my power to act on your suggestions at some future period. Not one word of these suspicions to my mother, she will know it early enough; *sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER XCIII.

Klopstock to his Mother.

Hamburgh, April 4.

It is indeed true that my health was considerably impaired by affliction for Count Bernstorff's death; but it is now happily re-established.—I am at present domesticated with the Countess, who insisted on making me the inmate of her house which is pleasantly situated and stands on a salubrious spot. I had hoped to prevail on Prince Charles of Hesse who married our second Princess, to procure for our late illustrious friend the distinction of being buried at Rosechild, where

the kings of Denmark are commonly interred—the proposal was negatived, but I hope at least to see a monument erected to his memory in the Dutch chapel at Copenhagen.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER XCIV.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Hamburgh, 25th February, 1774.

Your red book has afforded me no small pleasure; it has much that is new, both in matter and manner; only I wished some lyrical repetitions omitted, and here and there to have expunged a little harshness.

You forbear to explain in what manner those wicked people have vexed you*, but do you not know, that nothing disturbs one so much as a word half dropped, which leaves the mind to perplexity and conjecture?

I embrace you with my constant friendship.

KLOPSTOCK.

* This refers to an unpleasant disagreement which had occurred between Gleim, Reyer, and Spalding.

LETTER XCV.

Gleim to Klopstock.

Halberstadt, April 13th, 1777.

By the joys of our youth, my best, kindest, dearest friend and partner, by all those guileless joys, my first silence was occasioned by circumstances I had no power to prevent. I could not bear to answer the dear letter which, as many of my friends could attest, I had hailed with transport, in one of those cold miserable hours in which soul and spirit are exhausted, and the living man is buried in paper and parchment, accusations and judgments. In such miserable hours of drudgery, I would not reply to a letter which had flowed from the heart of hearts. I sighed for leisure to call back my own departed spirit, and restore my exhausted feelings.

But the second letter, my dear friend, summoned me from statements and judgments; then was I ready to seize your offered hand, and exclaim, that from year to year, it had been my constant purpose to renew the friendship of our early

life; that I longed to behold once more the German bard I had loved from his youth, and always hoped to take my flight to Hamburgh, and there surprise him with his muse : alas ! all these purposes were baffled by circumstances over which I had no controul. But whence comes it that you, my friend, with whom I have for thirty years continued a correspondence, and who have been for ever present to my mental eye, how comes it that you have never revisited your native country and that of Hermann ? for Hermann was, as Klopstock says, a Hartzler. Our old disciples can attest for me, how ardently I wished to see you once more in this neighbourhood. For myself, it is not indeed possible, I should this season make my migration to Hamburgh, but in another year, if God prolong my life, I shall embrace my old true friend, with the same affection I have ever felt for him.

GLEIM.

LETTER XCVI.

Gleim to Charles Christian Klopstock.

Halberstadt, 22d March, 1779.

The Klopstocks are perverse beings.

Like all the corrupt children of men—they live but for themselves, not for their friends, not for their brothers and sisters. From the eldest, who was my sworn friend, I have not now for some years received a single line, not a half salutation have I had from him, and yet I know he means me well, and has nothing to allege against me. All human beings, even the best of them, are a perverse and miserable generation. They come good out of God's hands, as long as they are boys, youths, and even men till they have reached the fortieth year, they still retain something good; but then the light wanes, and is at length wholly extinguished. With all my old friends, it has been my fortune to see this remark verified. Their letters are ardent in youth, in mature life lukewarm, cold as ice when age approaches, till at length the feeble spark is quite exhausted. I could produce an immense collection of manuscripts to corroborate the assertion. It were, how-

ever, useless to complain, since the rule is universal, and little does it avail, that in my own person I form a sad and solitary exception.

I take it for granted, you would have sent me some literary intelligence from the Hague, if you were still a lover of the muses. I do not expect that you can find time to encumber yourself with transactions of state, or the cabals of the Voltaires, the Vangoens, the Rousseaus. I will not, therefore, ask for news, but content myself with assuring you that I am unalterably yours,

GLEIM.

LETTER XCVII.

Klopstock to Gleim.

28th November, 1782.

It is very long, dearest Gleim, since we exchanged letters, our correspondence having, I believe, stood still ever since I incurred your displeasure by not going to Brunswick. I confess I was heartily vexed on that occasion, both because you blamed me for what I could not possibly help, and because I was sufficiently punished in not seeing you.

I was lately gratified by a visit from one of our most honourable compatriots, who promised to erect a monument to Hermann on the heights of Winkfeld, with a suitable inscription. I shall hereafter transmit the particulars, but, for the present, I beg you not to mention the subject.

I have suffered much from domestic trials; the death of the Countess Bernstorff, the eldest sister of our great Stolberg*, was a severe affliction. I had known her from her twelfth year, had watched over her youth, and if not an agent in her marriage, was at least a confidential friend on the memorable occasion. Nor is this the only wound that has reached my heart, our friend Voss having also lost his eldest son, a youth of high promise, to whom I was tenderly attached.

I have often been informed, you meant to visit us, and was sometimes disposed to hope this might be true, since you had formerly, for my sake, undertaken more distant journies. When shall this expectation be fulfilled? What are your plans for the ensuing summer? I still keep possession of the garden I occupied when you were last my guest. Say you will come, Gleim, or look for no future odes. Did you receive the last?

I embrace you with my wonted friendship.

KLOPSTOCK.

* See note at the end of the volume.

LETTER XCVIII.

Gleim to Klopstock.

Halberstadt, 25th October, 1785.

A thousand times let me ask forgiveness of my Klopstock and his Windhema, * for having failed to apprize them of my safe return. Two lines would indeed have been sufficient; but how could even these be written, whilst such piles of paper were lying on my table, and every moment was filled with dull irksome *matter of fact* business?—I was quite renovated by my charming excursion. No fish that leaps in your Elbe was more blithe than old Gleim. Too few indeed were those eleven happy days, and how rapidly did they pass away! The recollection of that which I spent alone with Klopstock, reading his Hermann's death, effaces all the rest.

By that divine poem, I do not forget your mandate respecting Hermann. Not long since the hero sent his sculptor hither, and having shewn him a block of black marble, exclaimed, 'sufficiently have I cared for others, it is now time

* Johanna Von Wenthem, Klopstock's second wife.

‘ to think of myself; of this marble let him form
‘ my tomb.’ ‘ Hear and obey,’ said the great
Hermann, as Alexander once said to Phidias,
‘ from this marble cast the image of my Beloved.’
The more I compare my hero, dear Klopstock,
with other heroes, antient and modern, the more
do I find that Frederic towers above them all.
How is it possible that the Emperor should not be
his cordial friend? Put this question, Frederic, to
the Prince of Lichtenstein, the patron of the Ger-
man muse, and who, happy man, sees and con-
verses with my Klopstock every day.

GLEIM.

LETTER XCIX.

Gleim to Klopstock.

To his dear, now venerable Klopstock, his true
old friend sends in shameful haste the last frag-
ments struck off from his poetical machine, just
to shew, that he still exists, and still exercises his
faculties. On this seventy-third anniversary of his
birth, the old man is forsaken by his former friends
—they do not leave him, they rather seem to have
long since departed to another sphere. Ah! my
friend, what a poor nothing is all this world!

GLEIM.

LETTER C.*To the same.*

October, 1795.

I have just read in Eschenburg's translation of Meilhaus's works, the divine song of my—yes, of my Klopstock. Who would have thought of meeting it in such a work?

I had long since besought Klopstock's brother for a leaf of his new journal, with the hope of discovering in it some lines of Klopstock. I addressed the same petition to Voss and many others; and you too, I importuned—but all in vain. At length I learnt that the odes were to be published, and then that Nikolovius had refused Klopstock his price! And what is that price? Let me know, and if it exceed not the measure of my fortune, I engage to advance the stipulated sum, and shall think myself amply repaid by seeing the odes on this side the grave.

Let me have an immediate answer. If you refuse me this gratification, I shall be ready to conclude that the dear old bard I have loved forty years exists no longer.

GLEIM.

LETTER CI.

Klopstock to Gleim.

1795.

I pretend not to excuse my long silence, dear friend ; but you will perhaps accept the poem of the *Atonement* as some reparation. Nikolovius offered me a thousand dollars, with which I was not dissatisfied ; other circumstances unconnected with Nikolovius delayed the publication. If you have read the Berlin Archives, you must have seen my remarks on the Kantian philosophy. I should like to know what impression they were likely to produce at Berlin and Weimar, and what strictures had been passed on the occasion. Of course, I need not ask what would be said by Kant's disciples.

I have sent you the Grammatical Dialogues. You may remember our conversation on the Greeks and Latins produced a not unpleasant contest. If you receive any pleasure from the perusal, you must reward the author by favouring him with criticisms and emendations.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER CII.

Gleim to Klopstock.

1795.

For your long silence you have indeed made ample reparation by your *Atonement*. But why should this poem, at once so awful and so lovely, appear in Jackobi's pocket-book? What Dacier says of Anacreon I would here apply to Klopstock. Would I might live to see the time when such master pieces of genius should no longer be crowded into almanacks and magazines.

I long to read your strictures on the Kantish philosophy, which in my opinion builds not, but destroys. The Grammatical Dialogues have afforded me great pleasure. I took them to my garden on Sunday, and read to the chapter of Rights. Of your former dispute you may expect to see some *remembrancers* previous to publication. Such is my affection for Klopstock and all the productions of his pen, that I think myself entitled to assume the censorial office. I am more than all the *Klopstockianers*, your

GLEIM.

LETTER CIII.

To the same.

1796.

Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.

You, Klopstock, like Moses, by stretching out your rod, might appease the raging winds of controversy, and produce a calm on the tempestuous waves. Has the Iliad emanated from one mind, like Pallas springing from the head of Jupiter, or were ten minds impregnated with the same inspiration? Was there but one Homer, or none? Were the Khapsodists mere verse-makers—(by the way, can another make a verse like Klopstock?) Was the art of printing already known? Did any poets flourish previous to the age of Homer? Could these only sing, but not read and write? Is it more easy to believe in general laws, or particular exceptions to those laws of nature? On such abstruse points I pretend not to influence your judgment, Klopstock, nor even to advance my individual opinions. It is for you alone to reply to such questions. No other critic can terminate the controversy, which, if you do not interpose, is likely to be protracted to a seven years war, or remain undecided. Let me beseech you, therefore, to me-

diate between the contending parties, and (if possible) restore harmony between them.

GLEIM.

LETTER CIV.

Gleim to Klopstock.

1797.

That you had forgotten me, Klopstock, I neither did nor could believe; but that you were the most dilatory of correspondents, I could not forbear to think; and what I thought, I sometimes expressed, not without the murmurs of impatience. Friends, said I, should live for one another, or they live but for themselves. Had you heard those accusations when you composed that beautiful ode, which so strongly proves your vivid recollections of our departed youth?*

To-morrow I shall send a copy to Gosche. If I did not offer you my poem of the Hut, it was because I believed you indifferent to my sing-song.

GLEIM.

* This poem was *Das Wein und Wasser*, in which Klopstock alludes to a scene of frolic which had occurred forty years before.

LETTER CV.*Gleim to Klopstock.*

1798.

Pray, Klopstock, give orders to Gosche to send me those odes, which I must read ere I die in peace. I have twice implored this favour in vain; and yet is he a good man, and well aware that on the second of next April I shall enter my eightieth year; that every line Klopstock has written is engraven on my soul, and that I am in every sense his first reader.

GLEIM.

LETTER CVI.*To the same.*

It is a festival at Halberstadt; the odes are arrived. Klopstock, thou art neither Pindar nor Homer, but Eloa!

GLEIM.

LETTER CVII.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Hamburgh, 18th July, 1793.

Your last short billet was peculiarly welcome, as it relieved my apprehensions for the state of your health.

I had been lately alarmed by one of my visitors from Halberstadt, who mentioned your having an inflammation on the lungs, a malady I could not but consider as formidable to an octogenarian. I should have paid less attention to this intelligence, but from having discovered by your former letter that you had taken no steps for the erection of the monument at the village spring.

I rely on your soon making this visit, and that you will forward to me a sketch of the scene, since all my friends here are anxious to catch a glimpse of the country. It creates no small surprise that the sources of so copious a spring should be found in a plain, and they persist in alleging, that I have intermingled an unusual portion of fiction in this ode. In short, dearest Gleim, it is absolutely necessary they should have a view of the spot*.

* This alludes to the poem before-mentioned.

The younger Gerning, of Frankfort, is lately returned from Italy, and has brought with him eleven chests of antiquities, one of which he has given to me, and another I have begged for you.

Fuger, of Vienna, (of which place he is a native) has sent me some admirable sketches for the Messiah. He is, alas! our greatest painter. Alas! I say, since he even surpasses my beloved Angelica.

LETTER CVIII.

Gleim to Klopstock.

25th July, 1798.

The Halberstadt visitor totally misinformed you when he said Gleim was ill; trust me, the old man is now as hearty as ever. The spring monument is not erected, but doubt not your wishes shall ere long be accomplished. *Exegi*—and as an earnest of my good intentions, I already transmit to you the sketch you desired. Gerning might well spare to you one of his eleven chests and to me another; he will still have nine for himself, the number of the muses. Fuger—surpass Angelica! no, no, that is impossible. Fuger is Fuger, and Angelica not Fuger. Both may surely be equally great, as both are equally inaccessible to all but the rich.

Among a hundred pictures in my temple of friendship, there is only one Count! Were I a banker, or the King of Denmark, they should be all Counts.

GLEIM.

LETTER CIX.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Hamburg, 6th May, 1800.

The Canoness of Walbeck, alias Catharine Stolberg, will present to you this letter, and inquire in my name whether you are not either blind or deaf? I should really be disturbed to find you were not one of them or both—for how should an octogenarian, who has never mounted a horse, expect to preserve his faculties? be assured, I shall consider blindness as a punishment well merited by your stubborn neglect of exercise.

You will see, my dear and surely not dim-eyed Gleim, our fair *Stolberg*. You will see her who is hitherto unknown—the lovely, malicious bride. Malicious, say I, for when I told her she must use her influence with Ferdinand, she replied, ‘he needs no prompter,’ and attempted to frown, and knit her brows as she returned this pert answer.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER CX.*Gleim to Klopstock.*

Halberstadt, 11th June, 1800.

I am a poor sinner, dear Klopstock ; you made me a present of your Messiah, and I have never thanked you for it ; you wrote me a charming letter, which was presented by a lovely dove, and it still remains unanswered. I am too sensible, there cannot be a greater, I would say poorer, sinner than myself. Oh ! that I could fly to you and be at rest ! With the lovely dove I have said many sweet things of my Klopstock, and also many bitter things of those who were unlike Klopstock.

Till my sixtieth year, I rode my *Bucephalus* as freely as you bestride your Pegasus. I am now old like you—but, as you see, *not blind*. I write more *legibly* than *you*, am not *deaf*, and as you listen to the celestial music of the spheres, so do I drink in the melodies of your immortal odes.

I have yet to see Leopold Stolberg ; but to the charming bride I am no longer a stranger, and I have not spied in her any marks of malice ; at least, she frowned not on me. Read, dear Klop-

stock, Jean Paul's Titon, refer to page 263, and tell me whether the praise contained in that passage is not as fine as your own, or that of Bodmer on Noah?

Herder's Kalligone has made me acquainted with the destroyer (Kant), as Mendelsohn calls him—and I have no wish to be admitted to a nearer intimacy. This letter is not laconic—dear consort of our immortal bard, preserve it not.

GLEIM.

LETTER CXI.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Hamburgh, 27th December, 1800.

Behold my latest born—presented to you and Klammer Schmidt.* I have even sent the very pen with which these strophes were transcribed.†

I have lately become acquainted with Nelson, a man perfectly free from pretensions—I should rather say, he never condescends to assume them. In his countenance there is an almost smiling ex-

* The Editor of this Correspondence.

† The latest date of any poem published in Klopstock's works is 1707.

pression of cheerfulness, which would be very difficult to the painter.

My Lady Hamilton was very often my interpreter, and she exhibited in a small party the attitudes of Niobe, and other classical characters. In some of those personifications she was silent, but in that of Nina she also sung. She said more than once, with some emphasis, that she acted but for me.—I shall not forget the parting kiss with which this enchantress sealed our friendship. Farewell.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER CXII.

Gleim to Klopstock.

Halberstadt, 3d August 1801.

Having been for some time afflicted with a dimness of sight, which rendered me unable to read or write, I yesterday submitted the left eye to the operation of couching. It was performed by my nephew, Professor Himly, of Brunswick, with no less promptitude than success. I have been perfectly well since the operation, and long most intensely to behold my Klopstock once more in this new light, ere I shall be permitted to greet him in the mansions of eternity.

GLEIM.

LETTER CXIII.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Hamburgh, 28th September, 1801.

I trust, father Gleim, (it was by that title I addressed Ebert, who was only five years your senior,) I trust you will be restored to sight ere you receive this letter. Let me hear, by your nephew, how you are, and what progress he is making in the new edition of your works.

Should your eye be somewhat refractory since the operation, let Korte read to you my ode called *Das Gehöre**. Were I compelled to make the melancholy choice, whether I would lose the faculty of seeing or hearing, I should not hesitate one moment in making my decision. I embrace you with my whole heart.

KLOPSTOCK.

* *Das Gehöre*, an ode, in which Klopstock pathetically describes the dreadful privations of deafness.

LETTER CXIV.

Gleim to Klopstock.

Halberstadt, 3d October, 1801.

Shall my nephew answer you, dear Klopstock? No, indeed, that shall he not. I will myself perform the task, since it is not he, but I, who exchange thoughts with Klopstock; with him, the last survivor of all my former friends. Yes, Klopstock shall survive me also, and thus the ode to Ebert,* the most divine strain that friendship ever breathed, shall be partly verified. But if it should be permitted to me once more to behold the blessed sun, then shall I again behold my Klopstock. There is yet hope, if God but grant its accomplishment. My nephew has read to me your ode on Hearing; how heavenly, exclaimed I, yet still, to be neither blind nor deaf, is better than to be either one or the other.

GLEIM.

* The poem to Ebert, one of Klopstock's earliest productions, in which he predicted that he shall survive all his friends but Ebert.

LETTER CXV.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Hamburgh, 7th December, 1801.

It is now some time, dear Gleim, since you wrote to me that you hoped to be restored to sight in the eye that had been submitted to the operation. Let me know if this hope be fulfilled, for though I trust you have fortitude to endure the privation, I would far rather that fortitude were not put to so severe a test. Voss writes us, that his wife is hastening to you. This will afford you a pleasure in which I heartily participate. You will find my latest ode, 'The Emperor Alexander,' in the next number of the *Minerva*. I should have transcribed it, but for a gouty affection in my joints, which renders writing painful.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER CXVI.

Gleim to Klopstock.

Halberstadt, 13th December, 1801.

The hope proved delusive—the couche deye is still incapable of discerning objects. A cloud constantly flits before me, and I have scarcely sight enough to go in and out of the apartment.

Since the operation, I have had one good day, and a hundred and thirty-three sleepless nights. My situation is more melancholy than even a Klopstock can describe. I am devoured with *ennui*; and in a town which maintains three Latin schools, a schoolmaster and a college, I have been unable to procure one good reader.

Your ode on Hearing, has been read to me by Wilhelm Corte, but it is not enough to hear your odes, I would also see them. What a loss is mine when I cannot look and listen at once! They always breathed a music to me so heavenly.

My nephew, Corte, is at Berlin, and, consequently, the publication of my new edition de-

layed. During my sleepless nights, I am accustomed to while away the time by composing little songs, in which my Klopstock is always before my eyes. In proof of this nocturnal diligence, I subjoin the two last, which I dictated to my good John Staman, whilst the kind-hearted creature exclaimed, alas! what mournful things must you endite!

GLEIM.

LETTER CXVII.

Klopstock to Gleim.

Hamburgh, 1801.

I earnestly requested your nephew, dear Gleim, to apprise me whether you could or could not see. I was doubtless anxious for such a letter as should be the harbinger of good, but any intelligence is better than suspense. I trust you have passed through the shortest day with cheerfulness; and embrace you with my stedfast old friendship.

23d December.

Just as I was sealing this letter, arrived your afflictive journal. So many sleepless nights! but I would rather not dwell on your sufferings. It should be the business of Klammer Schmidt, to procure you a reader. Corte must return from Berlin. Send me more night thoughts. That admirable poem on the British people, shall be forwarded by the next post to London. I conjure Klammer Schmidt to write to me immediately. Your prayer to death remains unanswered. The strong old age that has withstood so long, can resist still longer.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER CXVIII.

Gleim to Klopstock.

April 11, 1802.

The monument is erected at Aspendstadt, with the following inscription.*—*Klopstock drank at this well to the memory of Gleim.* The first passenger who inquired the meaning of the inscription, was informed, that an invalid called Klopstock had quaffed of that spring, and was consequently cured of his complaint; so in future it is to be called, the Well of Health. I transmit with this a plan of the monument, and hope to procure a better whenever a good draftsman shall come into the neighbourhood.

GLEIM.

* The name of the village in which the frolic, commemorated in the poem, took place.

LETTER CXIX.

To the same.

1802.

The shrine at Aspenstadt is rising in reputation—pilgrimages are made to it, and the water is brought to Halberstadt, where it is sold in draughts of health. The monument itself gives general satisfaction, particularly the inscription, whose golden characters appear to advantage on the black block of marble. Some few days ago, it was seen as well as it could be seen, or rather felt by poor old Gleim. A line of approbation, an intimation of satisfaction, would have consecrated the monument to the proud friend of Klopstock.

GLEIM.

LETTER CXX.

Klopstock to Gleim.

It grieves me to the soul, my best Gleim, that you have not received the letter dictated from my heart when I was too feverish to hold the pen. You might there have found, not merely an approbation, but the most animated declaration of delight, which I could not express more strongly, than by saying I longed to be with you, that the lame might lead the blind.

KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER CXXI.

Windhema Klopstock to Gleim.

June 1.

Klopstock sealed his last letter so hastily, that I had no opportunity to add a single line. I would fain have assured you of the satisfaction Klop-

stock expressed at the erection of the monument by which his dear old Gleim has eternized the memory of a day that had left on his own mind the most lively impressions.

He thinks the form of the monument extremely handsome, and is particularly struck with the brief, but noble inscription.

You may be assured of the pleasure it gives him, since he shews the plan to every friend who visits him, and it is constant lying on his desk for that purpose ; it was the first thing of which he spoke to me, when his vile rheumatic fever left him, and the first effort he made was to dictate for you that letter, when he was not sufficiently recovered to move from the bed. How gladly should we come to you, how proudly attend you on your pilgrimage to the beautiful spring of health ! But as that is quite impossible, Klopstock sends to you some of his dearest friends, Madame Sichervig, the daughter of N. Reimarus, Mr. Poel and his wife, the daughter of professor Bursche, and her unmarried sister. It will be the part of those friends who are charged with the most affectionate remembrance from him and his attendant, to look and listen, and on their return, faithfully report whatever they have seen and heard. It will afford particular pleasure to my Klopstock, if his good old Gleim can wel-

come them for his sake, and give them many pleasing things to repeat.

And now one more request—Klopstock wishes for a coloured drawing of the monument, in which the tints of the rock which form the grotto should be distinctly marked—now, farewell, excellent Gleim—continue to enjoy health.

W. KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER CXXII.

Gleim to Klopstock.

June 20, 1802.

The announced party of travellers descended like an angelic vision to my little hut, since they brought tidings of Klopstock, which made old Gleim's heart dance with joy—cordially would the Elder have accompanied them to Klopstock's spring—but fate forbade. Having looked in vain for a good draftsman, I am unable to procure a better plan of the monument—but if God spare me life and health, I shall certainly not rest till I have

discovered one, and from his design forward an engraving. I do not yet take leave of life; my friend and his gentle consort are still cordially welcomed by this old heart.

GLEIM.

LETTER CXXIII.

Gleim to Klopstock.

24th January, 1803.

I am dying, dear Klopstock. As a dying man will I say, in this world we have not lived enough together and for each other; but in vain would we now recall the past.

The muse that has attended my course, still hovers round my steps to the very verge of the grave. A collection of songs composed by old Gleim on his death bed, are now preparing for the press, though perhaps not destined for many readers.

I send a copy of the Night Thoughts to my Klopstock, since I am persuaded, that he alone will find in them nothing offensive.

Remember me affectionately to the friend of

your bosom, the dear Victor and his excellent consort, the three Reimarus's, the friends at Ham, and all who love my Klopstock. It is my wish to be buried in my own garden. Around the grave shall be placed the marble urns of my departed friends—the symbols of my vanished joys.

END OF THE LETTERS.

NOTES.

PREFACE—*Like the monumental mounds of their Northern ancestors.*—Page xx.

It was a custom among the Northern people, that every soldier who survived a battle, should bring a helmet full of earth, towards raising monuments to their slain fellows. (*Cambden.*)

Translation of the quotation at the end of the preface.—Page xxxiii.

Those who have known Klopstock, respect as much as they admired him. Religion, liberty, and love, occupied all his thoughts. His religious profession was found in the performance of all his duties ; he even gave up the cause of liberty when innocent blood would have defiled it ; and fidelity consecrated all the attachments of his heart. Nor had he recourse to his imagination to justify an error ; it exalted his soul without leading it astray. It is said, that his conversation was full of wit and taste, and that he loved the society of women, particularly of French women, and that he was a good judge of that sort of charm and grace which pedantry reproves. I can readily believe it, for there is always something of universality in genius, and

perhaps it is connected by secret ties to grace, at least to that grace which is bestowed by nature. How far distant is such a man from envy, selfishness, excess of vanity, which many writers have excused in themselves in the name of the talents they possessed. If they had possessed more, none of their defects would have agitated them. We are proud, irritable, astonished at our own suspicions, when a little dexterity is mixed with the mediocrity of our character; but true genius inspires gratitude and modesty, for we feel from whom we received it, and we are also sensible of the limit which he who bestowed, has likewise assigned to it. We find in the second part of the *Messiah*, a very fine passage on the death of Mary, who is pointed out to us in the gospel as the image of contemplative virtue. Lazarus who received life a second time from Jesus Christ, bids his sister farewell with a mixture of grief and of confidence which is deeply affecting. From the last moments of Mary Klopstock, he has drawn a picture of the death-bed of the just. When in his turn he was also on his death-bed, he repeated his verses on Mary with an expiring voice. He recollected them through the shades of the sepulchre, and in feeble accents, he pronounced them as exhorting himself to die well. Thus the sentiments expressed in youth, were sufficiently pure to form the consolation of his closing life. Ah! how noble a gift is genius, when it has never been profaned, when it has been employed only in revealing to mankind, under the attractive form of the fine arts, the generous sentiments and religious hopes which have before lain dormant in the human heart.

This same passage of the death of Mary, was read with the burial service at Klopstock's funeral. The poet was old when he ceased to live, but the virtuous man was already in possession of the immortal palms which renew existence and flourish beyond the grave. All the inhabitants of *Hamburgh* rendered to the patriarch of literature the honours which else-

where are scarcely accorded except to rank and power, and the manes of Klopstock received the reward which the excellencies of his life had merited.—*From the translation of Madame de Stael's DE L'ALLEMAGNE.*

Notes to the Journal to Zurich.—Page 50.

John Arnold Ebert was born at Hamburgh the 8th of February, 1723. He was one of Klopstock's juvenile companions, and universally admired for his convivial songs. With a versatility not uncommon in men of talents, he passed from the gayest to the most serious themes, and left Anacreon to become the translator of Young's Night Thoughts.

In the long ode to which he afterwards gave the name of "Wingolf; or, the Temple of Friendship," Klopstock had predicted, that of all his early companions, Ebert should be the sole survivor. The presage, however, was not verified—Ebert died at the age of eighty, leaving Gleim, Schmidt, and Klopstock to deplore his loss.

Rabener was the satirist of Germany, and is well known to the English reader by a translation of his letters.

Cramer was a celebrated preacher, and occasionally a poet. Like Klopstock, he appears to have been patronized by the King of Denmark.

Spalding was also a preacher, and lived at Lassalm, in Swedish Pomerania.

Giseke was one of Klopstock's earliest and most beloved friends, often celebrated in his odes, and alluded to in his letters.

Olde, was an eminent physician, who has also his appropriate praise in Klopstock's Temple of Friendship.

Notes to Letter 12th.—Klopstock to Schmidt.—Page 75.

Waser and Kunzli were both literary men, and both resident at Winterhur. The former had published a German prose version of Hudibras. Hirzel was an intimate of Kleist, and associated in the labours of the Berlin Academy. Klopstock has celebrated his social and intellectual qualities in his poem of the Zurchersce, written in commemoration of that day's pleasures. Nor has he failed to do justice to Mrs. Hirzel's beauty and accomplishments. The Miss Schintz, with whom the poet appears to have been so much captivated, was several years after married to his namesake and relation.

Letter 14th.—Klopstock to Fanny.—Page 85.

The Count Bernstorff mentioned in this letter, was the Danish Envoy at Paris, when he met with the first cantos of the Messiah, from the perusal of which, he conceived so high an opinion of the author, that on his return to Copenhagen, he recommended him strongly to Count Moltka, the King's favourite minister, by whose influence, his Majesty was induced to offer him a pension and royal protection. An instance such as this of voluntary exertion in behalf of a stranger has seldom been recorded in the annals of literature. Klopstock found in his patron, an assured friend, and was himself ever gratefully and affectionately devoted to him and his family.

Hartmann Rahn persisted in his generous views of partnership, till Klopstock, with equal obstinacy, compelled him to relinquish them. The two friends were afterwards united in the closer ties of domestic connexion: one of Klopstock's sisters,

Hannah, married Hartmann, who thus became a part of that family for which he had previously evinced such disinterested attachment.

Of the success that attended his commercial speculation, we are left to form our own conjectures ; but it appears probable, that Hartmann was not enriched by his ingenuity although his invention obtained favour with the public, till fashion, with her wonted caprice, adopted some other novelty to which this was compelled to cede precedence.

Notes to Letter 16th.—From Schmidt to Gleim.—Page 93.

The passage quoted from Lucan is thus translated by Mr. Rowe.

Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
Who that worst fear, the fear of death despise ;
Hence they no care for their frail being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel :
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn,
To share that life which must so soon return.

A translation of the whole poem composed by Lodbrog, or at least attributed to him, is introduced in Blair's Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian. The concluding passages are highly spirited. " What is more certain to the brave man than death, though amidst the storm of swords, he stands always ready to oppose it : he only regrets this life who has never known distress. The timorous man allures the devouring eagle to the field of battle ; the coward whenever he comes is useless to himself. This I esteem honourable, that the youth should advance to the combat fairly matched one against another, nor man retreat from man. Long was this the warrior's highest glory ; he who aspires to the love of virgins, ought always to be foremost in the roar of arms. It appears to me of truth, that we are

led by the fates, seldom can any overcome the appointment of destiny.

“But this makes me always rejoice that in the halls of our father Balder* I know there are seats prepared, where in a short time we shall be drinking ale out of the skulls of our enemies. In the house of the mighty Odin, no brave man laments death. I come not with the voice of despair to Odin’s hall. How eagerly would all the sons of Aslanga now rush to war, did they know the distress of their father?

“I have given to my children a mother, who hath filled their hearts with valour. I am fast approaching to my end. A cruel death awaits me from the serpent’s bite—a snake dwells in the midst of my heart. In my youth I learned to dye the sword in blood; my hope was then, that no king among men could be more renowned than me. The goddesses of death will now soon call me—I must not mourn my death—now I end my song. The goddesses invite me away—they whom Odin has sent to me from his hall. I will sit upon a lofty seat, and drink ale joyfully with the goddesses of death.

“The hours of my life are run out—I will smile when I die.”

Note to Letter 21.—From Schmidt to Gleim.—Page 104.

The passage from Virgil’s *Eneid* (book i.) is thus translated by Pitt:

—The vapours break away,
Dissolve in ether, and refine to day,
Radiant in open view Eneas stood,
In form and looks, majestic as a God.
Flush’d with the bloom of youth, his features shine,
His hair in ringlets waves with grace divine;
The Queen of Love the glance divine supplies,
And breathes immortal spirit in his eyes.

* Odinn.

Note to Letter 32.—Klopstock to Fanny.—Page 121.

Frederic V. King of Denmark, whom Klopstock pronounces the most amiable man in his dominions, was a friend to science and literature; he instituted an academy for the cultivation of the Danish language, and employed several erudite scholars in a literary mission to Arabia, an account of which may be seen in Michaelis's *Recueil des Questions proposés à une Société*.

Klopstock's description of Denmark corresponds with that of Mons. Mallet, the celebrated author of the Northern Antiquities. "Here are vast plains covered with a most delightful verdure, which springs earlier and continues longer than the southern nations would imagine. These plains are interspersed with little hills, lakes, and groves, and adorned with several palaces, gentlemen's seats, and some towns."

Note to Letter 43.—Schmidt to Gleim.—Page 151.

Langemack was a student in jurisprudence.

Note to Letter 44.—Page 153.

George Sucro was a Lutheran preacher, who had also published some essays in didactic poetry.

Note to Letter 77.—Page 208.

To make Klopstock's voyage more intelligible, the following

extract is inserted from a traveller, who will be found to agree with him in many circumstances :

“ About mid-day we had already lost sight of the Holstein coast, to the north, but towards the south, it stretched far out, like a faint blue stripe, on which no objects could be discerned. Langeland next appeared in the distance, like four or five islands together, for the bendings of the sea concealed from us the connexion between the hills, which are about two hundred feet high. In the afternoon, we saw Zealand and Femern over against us, with the church of Petersdorff, which shines at an uncommon distance, both of them flat islands, on which not a hill is observable. The night was beautiful, serene, and clear. We might have almost supposed ourselves on shore. By break of day, we saw the wood on the coast of Femern ; but the progress of the ship was almost imperceptible, although we had a light wind in our favour. The captain thought he ought to be more towards the land of Femern, as the current to the west under Zealand was too strong, and retarded the progress of the ship. The island of Moen appeared to approach nearer and nearer to us, and we turned our looks with delight to the land, for the island has a most inviting aspect on this side. Green meadows spread themselves softly down towards the coast, crowned above with well built country houses and corn fields, and here and there a thicket or a grove relieved the uniformity of the landscape. We saw also herds by the water, and villages towards the shore. About four or five o'clock in the afternoon, we had proceeded round the extreme southernmost point of the island ; the view of steep chalk rocks, of which we could not before see the smallest trace, then all at once made their appearance. As far as we could now see round the island, these rocks, which are of a dazzling white colour, were in view, and rose to more than two hundred feet of perpendicular height ; the sea now also suddenly appeared as if alive ; far and near the vessels of the Sound floated around us—we saw at least a hun-

dred at once ; and from Kiel to this place we had scarcely seen one. The advancing night deprived us of this animated spectacle. Moen's coast still shone at some distance, and before us appeared the white rocks of Stevens Klint, on the coast of Zealand.

“ We sailed round Amak, and there we saw the excellent stone battery of the Three Crowns in the water. All was now peace here ; country houses, among green shrubberies and gardens, stretched along the shore ; the town, with its high steeples, lay before us, and in the distance, the castle of Fredericksberg.”——*Von Buch's Travels in Norway.*

Note to Letter 75—Klopstock to his Father.—Page 207.

The comparison alluded to in this letter is preceded by the description of an earthquake.

“ The dying Jesus still continued suspended in torture—pensive silence encompassed the hill of death—and the earth incessantly trembled through its secret caverns ; yet in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem its latent trepidations were not heard. Once did the concussion reach the rebellious city, but it only raised an obscure sensation—something of a distant terror of impending vengeance for blood that was then flowing, seized the hearts of the multitude. Now the secret convulsions of nature cleft a rocky mountain far from Olivet, into the centre of which Abbadona had retired to mourn in the depths of the earth ; he was sitting on the declivity of a subterraneous rock, viewing with fixed attention a torrent which fell at his feet—his listening ear was following the roar of the foaming stream, which, flowing from the summit of the lofty mountain, was dashed from cliff to cliff, when suddenly he felt under him a progressive trembling, and the rocks fell from their aspiring heights. Abbadona terrified at the convulsive pangs of nature, cried, “ Does the earth

lament that she has brought forth children?"——In traversing the coast of the Dead Sea, he hears an unusual noise in the agitated waters; with the roar of the waves are intermingled the groans of anguish and the howls of despair.——*So if guilty cities are shaken by earthquakes, when one that has most offended thinks that she shall sink into ruins. Groans and sighs and shrieks arise with each shock, and are mingled with the dull sound of the subterranean scourge.—The earth again heaves and trembles, the air resounds with the fall of polluted temples and marble palaces, with the redoubled shrieks and groans of the inhabitants, while the pale traveller, filled with terror, flies. Thus the affrighted Abbadona hears the roaring of the Dead Sea, mingled with the groans and bellowing of the two apostates, and knowing them, with fluttering wing, he leaves the doleful shores.*"——Mrs. Collier's translation of the Messiah.

Note to Letter 72.—Klopstock to Gleim.—Page 220.

Fanny and Meta live in Klopstock's songs, and his second wife, Johanna Von Wenthem, has also received from his muse her meed of praise. Of his attachment to Dona, not the slightest allusion occurs in his works; but this reserve was obviously to be attributed to a sense of propriety rather than indifference, since in the following little poem, extracted from his correspondence, he endeavours to dissipate her diffidence in his affections, by a solemn assurance, that she was no less dear to him than his Meta, and no less adequate to his earthly felicity.

Halberstadt, December 2, 1762.

Du zweifelst, dasz ich dich, wie Meta liebe,—

Wie Meta lieb' Ich Done dich,

Dies, saget dir mein Herz liebe voll,

Mein ganzes Herz.

Mein ganzes Leben soll dir dieses sagen
 Das hier im Staub, und jenes dort,
 Wenn sie, und du, und Ich zusammen
 Glückselig sind.
 Du liebest Sie, und weist nicht welche Freude
 Mir dies in meine Seele strahlt,
 Denn leicht ist's deinen schönen Herzen
 Dasz du Sie liebst.
 O! käme Sie, die wir gleich zärtlich lieben,
 Von dort, aus ihrer Wonn', herab,
 Herab zu mir, und meiner Done
 Und sähe mich.
 Sie würde dir, denn sie kennt mich viel besser,
 Als du mich jezt noch, Done, kennst.
 Ach! sagen würde dir, des Himmels
 Bewohnerinn,
 Mit sanften Laut und Schimmer in dem Blick;
 ' Gespielrin einst in unsrer Welt,
 ' Er liebte dich,—wie er mich liebte
 ' So liebt er dich.'
 Ihr Son, ein Genius voll' Morgenröthe
 Ergriffe seine Laute dann
 Zu lispeln in die Saiten—Meta
 Und Done, dich.

Note to Letter 79.—Klopstock to Gleim.—Page 235.

Krause had long been the intimate and correspondent of Gleim, he was celebrated for his work on lyrical poetry.

Mr. Grillo appears not to have profited by Klopstock's friendly advice. In 1800 he was visited by Klammer Schmidt, who observes, that the image of this old neglected scholar threw a shade of melancholy over all the agreeable recollections of Berlin; the inde-

fatigable translator complained, that his whole life had been sacrificed to Pindar, without procuring him either admirers or readers. To divert his chagrin he had written the life of this favourite bard, for whom he still hoped to extort the gratitude and veneration of the next age.

Note to Letter 78.—Gleim to Klopstock.—Page 232.

Of the Quintus Icilius mentioned in this letter, Thiebault relates some anecdotes, not much to his honour. He was the abject tool of Frederic, and by his suppleness and servility exhibited a striking contrast to the simplicity and independence of Gleim, who refused to be presented to the Monarch he had celebrated with such enthusiasm, lest he should be suspected of meanness and adulation. In one of his letters to Muller, he relates of himself an anecdote which happily illustrates the nice delicacy and respectable eccentricity of his character. It should be remembered that in his youth he had served in the same camp with Kliet, and that he was pleased to call himself "the old grenadier." In early life he had written many martial songs, and even in advanced age retained some enthusiasm for his former profession: 'I have distributed (he writes to Muller) amongst ' Prince Henry's soldiers, a thousand copies of my martial odes, ' and not one to my old comrades in the King's army, not one ' even to the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, who is yet friendly ' to my muse, and loves the *old grenadier*. But I feared lest the ' King, who often sees the Prince, should speak of these *war* ' *songs*, and that the King himself should mistake the grenadier ' for a courtier. During seven years no one suspected who had ' written *Krieg est mien lied*; once indeed Quintus had a fancy ' to announce me to the King. I besought him not to think of ' it; he persisted in the resolution, and a year after, kept his ' word. The King sent the poet an invitation to Potsdam, the

‘ poet excused himself on the plea of indisposition ; the King
 ‘ forgot to ask for him again, and Quintus died. About a year
 ‘ ago, in passing through Rheinsburgh, I went to see the Sans
 ‘ Souci of Prince Henry, who had no sooner heard of my arrival,
 ‘ than he requested to see me ; I obeyed the summons, and we
 ‘ had a long conversation together ; but I was careful not to
 ‘ drop a word which might lead him to surmise who it was that
 ‘ had written, (*And thou, Henry, wast a Soldier !*) he asked me to
 ‘ dine with him the next day—I declined the honour and decamp-
 ‘ ed—lest he should by some chance find out the *old Grenadier*.’

Note to Letter 80—Klopstock to Gleim.—Page 238.

Klopstock had adopted the Icelandic mythology of Odin and Ina—from the persuasion that it had been transmitted by his forefathers. Of the Cheruskans, from whom he claimed his descent, we give this brief notice from Tacitus.

“ Bordering on the side of the Chaucians, and also of the
 “ Cattians, lies the country of the Cheruskans, a people, by
 “ long disuse of arms, enervated and sunk in sloth. Unmolested
 “ by their neighbours, they enjoyed the sweets of peace, for-
 “ getting that amidst powerful and ambitious neighbours, the
 “ repose which you enjoy serves only to lull you into a calm,
 “ always pleasing, but deceitful in the end. When the sword
 “ is drawn, and the power of the strongest is to decide, you
 “ talk in vain of equity and moderation, those virtues always
 “ belong to the conqueror. Thus has it happened to the Che-
 “ ruscans ; they were formerly just and upright, at present they
 “ are called fools and cowards, victory has transferred every vir-
 “ tue to the Cattians, and oppression takes the name of wis-
 “ dom.”—*Murphy's Tacitus*.

The territory of the Cheruskans began near the Weser and extended to the Elbe, through the countries now called Lune-

bourg, Brunswick, and part of Brandenburg. Arminius their chief, made head against the Romans with distinguished bravery, and performed a number of gallant exploits, as related by Tacitus in the first and second books of the Annals. He was at last cut off by the treachery of his countrymen, and his character is given in lively colours in the last section of the second book. Varrus and his legions were destroyed by the zeal and spirit of Arminius.—*Murphy*.

Klopstock boasts to Gleim, that he has made his Hermann to be born on the spot which was the virtuous Henry's grave. Henry the fowler, was buried in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, which he endowed to commemorate a glorious victory over forty thousand Huns. The Abbey was finished by his successor, and his granddaughter, Matilda, installed as the first Abbess. This dignity continues to be perpetuated in the person of some German princess. The religion being Lutheran, no vows of celibacy are extorted, and no restraint imposed on the nuns. Previous to marriage her Royal Highness the Duchess of York was Abbess of Quedlinburgh. This town is on the banks of the Buda—hence Klopstock calls himself the bard of the Buda—whilst to Gleim he gives the appellation of the Swan of the Selke; both these streams have their source in the Hartz Forest.

Note to Letter 86.—Klopstock to Gleim.—Page 251.

The subject of this tragical picture is drawn from the following passage in the Messiah.

“ Samna, thus was the Demoniac called, lay in a swoon by
 “ the sepulchre of his youngest and best beloved son—near
 “ him stood his other son weeping, with his swelled eyes
 “ lifted up to heaven,—The fond mother moved by the intreaties
 “ of this wretched parent had once besought the deceased child
 “ they thus lamented, when agitated by the malice of Satan,

“ Samna roved as now, among the dead. Ah father ! then cried
“ little Benoni, the darling of his heart, breaking from his mother’s hold, whilst she, filled with terror, hastened after him.
“ Ah my poor father, will you not kiss me ?—then clinging about
“ his knees he pressed his hand to his heart—the father embraced
“ him, trembling. The little innocent returned his endearments,
“ and looked up to him, with an engaging smile, endeavouring to
“ attract his notice by the little pleasing blandishments of infant fondness, when the father suddenly starting seized the
“ child, and filled with all the fury of hell, dashed him against
“ the wall—his blood discoloured the stone and with a gentle
“ sigh his spotless soul left its shattered habitation ; the madness of the wretched parent then subsided, he threw himself
“ on the ground, then rising, snatching up the stiffening corpse,
“ which he folded in his fainting arms, he pressed it to his bosom, and while the mother rent the air with her shrieks and
“ lamentations, he moaned inconsolable crying, my son Benoni,
“ O Benoni, my dear son !”

Note to Letter 109.—Klopstock to Gleim.—Page 278.

This bride was the daughter of the Count Stolberg, and the wife of Ferdinand, Count Stolberg, who acquired some notoriety by killing in 1798, the only wolf that had appeared in the country for fifty years.

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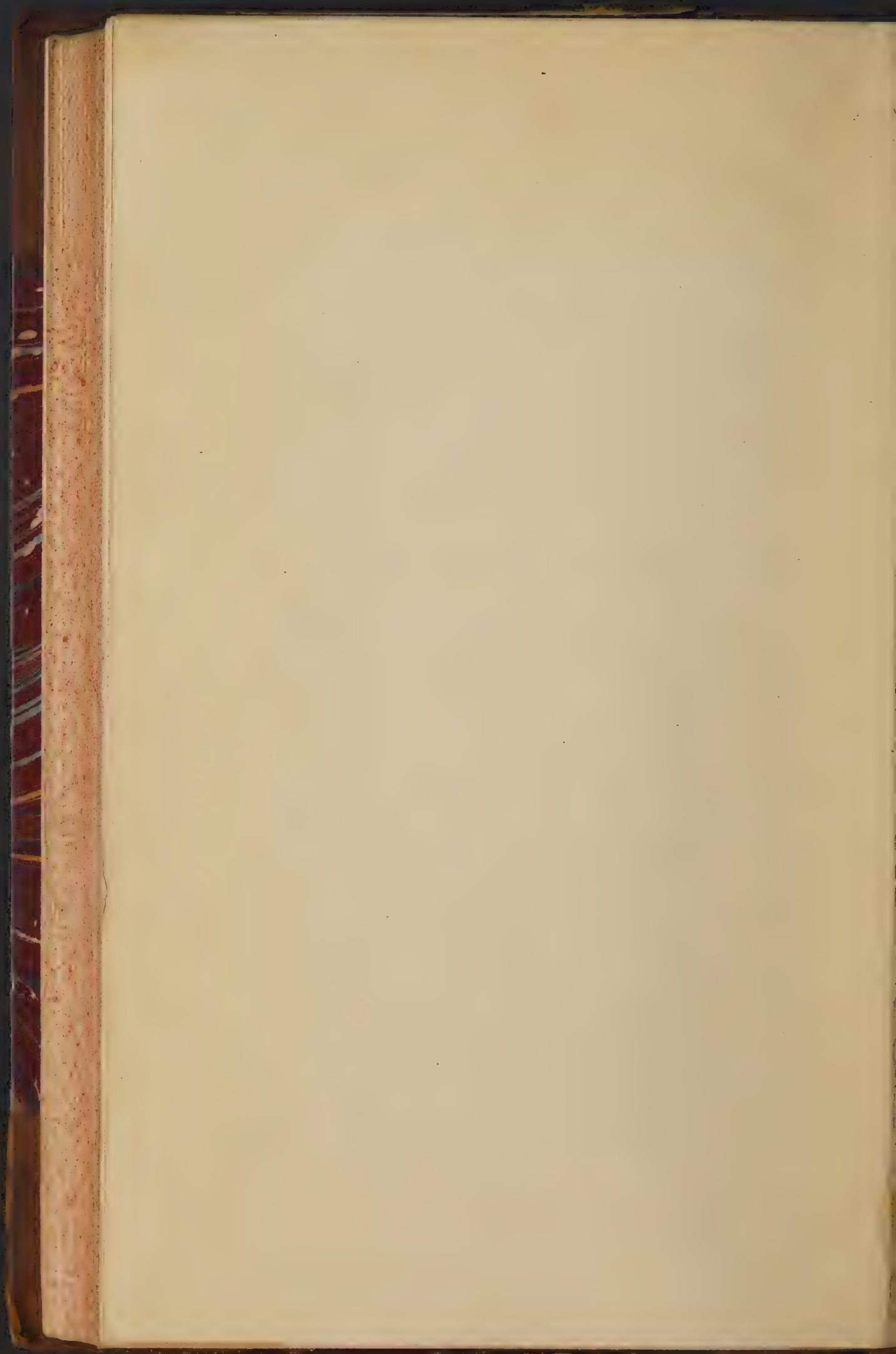
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